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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is opposed to compulsory military training in the schools and colleges. His remarks in opposition, to be sure, were made by the famous "White House spokesman" in such fashion that it is impossible to quote him directly, and they are couched in his usual on-the-one-hand-but-on-the-other style. He "is opposed to compulsory military training for school or college boys," says the New York *Times*, but "he feels that the youth of the country should get the advantage of military training for its physical benefit." "Those who are in a position to take the training should do so," he is reported to believe, "but the Government should not attempt to make it widespread or anything like compulsory." For saying no more hundreds of college boys have been called traitors, Reds, and pacifists. The President's statement marks a vast advance over the War Department's attempt to goosestep all the college boys of the nation, and should help the undergraduate campaign to reduce the military training courses to an elective basis. Educators, however, will want to go further. Military science is not a part of education, and physical training can be better provided in other ways.

WITH UNCONCEALED GUSTO the New York *Times* and the New York *World* have leaped upon the figures published by the Foreign Policy Association in its recent pamphlet, "State Capitalism in Russia." The *Times* seeks to prove by selected quotations that Soviet prosperity varies inversely with the degree of government interference. "Where the principle of private initiative has been least hampered the nearest approach has been made to the pre-war status of production." Agriculture is cited as the most "capitalistic" branch of productive activity and the most prosperous. Industry, operated under a mixed system of public and private control, comes next. Foreign trade, a government monopoly, is furthest from the pre-war level. Thus the New York *Times* proves its point to its own apparent satisfaction by ignoring all the inconvenient facts. The *Times*, for example, fails to point out that agriculture, which last year reached 90 per cent of the pre-war level, never fell below 50 or 60 per cent; while industry, which dropped to 15 per cent after the Revolution, reached 70 per cent in 1925 (and for the current year is averaging 90 per cent); and foreign commerce—in spite of the continued suspicion or hostility of the trading world—rose to 45 per cent of the 1913 figure from a level approaching zero during the years of foreign intervention and the "cordon sanitaire." The increases in these last two categories are enormous—far more impressive than the improvement noted in Russia's "capitalistic" agriculture.

THE *WORLD* IS NO LESS disingenuous. In an editorial article entitled Russia Returning to Sanity it attributes the rapid improvement in Russia's economic life solely to the retreat from communism involved in the New Economic Policy of 1921. It stresses the fact that "88 per cent of the industrial establishments were privately owned" in 1923, and then it cheerfully throws its case away by acknowledging that "the average number of workers in private establishments was only 2 compared with 155 in government industries." It does not mention the supplementary fact that in 1923 only 12.4 per cent of the workers in Russia were employed by private concerns. It ignores the figures on internal commerce which show that, in spite of the rapid growth of private trade, government and cooperative trading has increased even faster. No one denies that capitalism received grudging permission to come to life when the "Nep" was installed, or that "the full-blown flower of socialism" failed to spring from the 1917 revolution. Small industries flourish in private hands; individuals cobble boots and shoe horses and carve wood and embroider linen; private traders carry on business in competition with government trading companies and cooperatives. But that is a small part of the picture. Let the *World* imagine for the moment an America in which all the oil wells, all the mines, all the steel mills, all the water-power developments, all the electric plants and radio stations, all the railroads, all the lumbering operations, all the chemical plants, all the construction jobs, all the foreign trade—and all the important newspapers—were in the hands of a powerful workers' government at Washington. The New York *World* would not like such an America or consider it on the road to sanity; but it would be what Russia is today.

STANLEY BALDWIN'S ATTEMPT to impose the eight-hour day upon the British miners without any guaranty against a wage reduction is a foolhardy betrayal

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of the confidence which the union leaders placed in him when they called off the general strike. The miners have repeatedly declared that they will never accept an increase of hours until the owners actually initiate a reorganization of the coal industry. Even Baldwin's own coal commission rejected the proposal of an eight-hour day as economically useless because there would be no market to absorb the 30,000,000 extra tons of coal produced by a longer work-day. The trade-union leaders called off the general strike with the understanding that negotiations would continue on the basis of the memorandum prepared by Sir Herbert Samuel, chairman of the Coal Commission. This memorandum said nothing about the eight-hour day, but it said a good deal about the reorganization of the coal industry. Now Baldwin disregards the report of his own commission and goes back to the position of the coal owners six months ago, making their position his. He has not forced the coal owners to submit to a single basic demand for the reorganization of their industry. He is revealed not as the master of the crisis but as the creature of the economic groups which put him in power. He asks the miners to accept another promissory note. They refuse, recalling their inability to cash the former promissory notes of the Government which began with the Sankey Commission report of 1919. The labor movement stands with them solidly in their refusal. But why did not the leaders of the general strike protect the miners against this betrayal? Just now these leaders look like very gullible fellows.

THE TORY LEADERS of Great Britain certainly did not gain prestige by their tilt with the Soviet Government over the "red gold" sent to England to support the general strike. Since when has it been a crime for labor unions of one country to send strike relief to labor unions of another country? French, German, and American labor funds were accepted by the striking British miners; "the interference" of the Russian Government in British affairs consisted in the dispatch of strike relief by the Central Council of the Russian Labor Federations to the British Trades Union Council. The British council refused the money and it was then given directly to the miners. If the general strike was an attempt at revolution, then J. H. Thomas and A. J. Cook are the gentlemen to be hanged. If it was not, then the Government's protest against Russian money is cheap political blustering. In the exchange of notes on the subject the Russian Government established a clear legal case for its policy. The 1921 trade agreement has not been violated. The British Government was forced to climb down from its original position in a rather humiliating manner.

THE GERMAN REFERENDUM on confiscating the property of former royal families has resulted in defeat for the proposal, but the returns indicate a remarkable penetration of radical belief. To succeed the measure had to obtain a majority of the votes in a poll in which as many as half of the 40,000,000 voters took part. As virtually the entire opposition stayed away from the polls, this meant that the sponsors of the nationalization bill had to muster an affirmative vote on the part of half of the entire electorate in order to carry their proposal. They obtained 14,889,703 votes against 542,311 ballots cast in the negative. We said editorially in our issue of June 16 that an affirmative vote of 15,000,000 would mark a gain for the progressive forces in Germany. Virtually that figure was reached, or nearly as many votes as elected Calvin Coolidge President of the United States in 1924. Probably the measure would have carried but for the argument that the principle might be pushed further so as to menace private property generally. As it is, the vote is an interesting manifestation of democratic thought in these days of reaction and dictatorship in Western Europe.

SECRETARY MELLON does not like the Haugen farm relief bill, and his reasons seem to us cogent and of wide general application. They are so well expressed that we venture to paraphrase them and apply them to the similar question of the protective tariff—say on aluminum in which Mr. Mellon happens to be personally interested

Mr. Mellon said:

The effect of the [Haugen] bill will be to increase the cost of living to every consumer of the five basic agricultural commodities in this country. The "equalization fee," while it purports to be paid by the farmer, will be included in the increased price of the commodity, and will, in the end, be borne not by the farmer but by the consumer. The net result will be that the American consumer will pay the increased domestic price, which of necessity must include the "equalization fee," or the loss incurred in selling the surplus abroad.

We shall have the unusual spectacle of the American consuming public paying a bonus to the producers of five major agricultural commodities with a resulting decrease in the purchasing power of wages.

Mr. Mellon did not say:

The effect of the tariff is to increase the cost of living to every consumer of aluminum in this country. The "customs duty," while it purports to be paid by the importer, is included in the increased price of the commodity, and is, in the end, borne, not by the manufacturer but by the consumer. The net result is that the American consumer pays the increased domestic price, which of necessity must include the "customs duty," or the loss incurred in selling the surplus abroad.

We have the unusual spectacle of the American consuming public paying a bonus to the producers of aluminum, with a resulting decrease in the purchasing power of wages.

It will be a fine thing if Wall Street's fight against subsidies to farms should stir the country to apply the same logic to our present system of government guaranties of profits for banks, railroads, telephone companies, and protected manufacturers.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND WOMEN, footsore and fervent in the cause of peace, on June 19 converged upon London from all corners of Britain. Some had been walking for a month; the groups of pilgrims, gathering numbers as they went, stopped in the square of each town, read their peace resolution, added the name of the town to their banners, and trudged on. Through London to Hyde Park the crusaders marched in four processions, following each a blue-robed leader on a white horse, carrying multitudes of blue banners bearing mottoes and devices—"The World Is a Family, Not a Barracks"; "End War or War Will End Us." In Hyde Park the pilgrims listened to M. P.'s and miners' wives, society women and business women and women preachers, and adopted the resolution demanding "Law, not War" and calling upon the British Government to take the lead in international action for disarmament and arbitration. This notable demonstration i

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not the only recent evidence of vigorous peace propaganda in Britain. The Independent Labor Party at its annual conference at Whitley Bay unanimously adopted a resolution which, in effect, requires every member of the I. L. P. to refuse war service. George Lansbury, a member of Parliament, dared to rise up in the midst of that body and give voice to a proposal that the British navy be abolished—and nineteen Labor members dared vote for the proposal. The world may be filled with Pollyannas who strain all reason to find more than pretense in the Geneva conferences—there nevertheless remains a small but sturdy group of believers in peace who face the facts and work for the future in spite of an adverse present.

IF A PACKING-BOX falling on the wharf breaks a longshoreman's leg, he receives compensation under the law of the State where the vessel is docked. But if he crosses the gang-plank and a falling box breaks his leg while he is on the ship, no compensation law protects him. He must sue the owners of the ship for damages, and the company has every opportunity to escape payment by expensive legal delay. This discrimination applies not only to longshoremen but to the twenty-two other crafts of repairmen who work upon boats in our harbors. Most other types of workers are protected by State compensation laws, but the harbor workers have been placed outside the jurisdiction of State laws by a five-to-four decision of the United States Supreme Court. There is obviously only one means of protecting them, a federal accident-compensation law. The Cummins-Graham Bill, now before Congress, would give to longshoremen on board ship in any port of the United States the same accident compensation that is provided for longshoremen on New York State docks; and readers can help by calling this to the attention of their Congressmen.

AFTER SEVENTEEN WEEKS the strike of 12,000 fur workers in New York City has been settled. The agreement was brought about largely through the efforts of Mr. Motty Eitingon, whose firm is the largest of the dealers in raw furs. He returned from Europe on June 9 and by the night of the twelfth the situation was liquidated—a reasonably fast worker! On the whole it was a victory for the union. The 40-hour week was won for eight months in the year, at the sacrifice of three holidays. Minimum scales were increased 10 per cent. Contract work was forbidden. The plan for unemployment insurance remains in abeyance. A gain has been registered in shortening the work period, balancing the seasonal load, and reducing the evils of occupational disease. But a great deal still remains to be done before we can rest assured that the furs we wear are not fabricated at too great a human cost.

SACCO AND VANZETTI, in the shadow of the electric chair, have sent out through their defense committee a last desperate call for help. Their attorney believes that he has located the real criminals who committed the South Braintree robbery and murder six years ago. He has the signed statement of a prisoner, Celestino Madieros, with many supporting affidavits, placing the responsibility for the crime upon a gang in Providence, Rhode Island. The evidence, if properly supported, may win a new trial at the last moment. The law of Massachusetts permits a motion for a new trial at any time before sentence. These men, tried in an atmosphere of hysteria, should have a normal trial before a jury that can study the new evidence. There is need for more money to carry on the fight. The time is short. Funds may be addressed to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, Box 93, Hanover Street Station, Boston.

SOME STUDENTS at the College of the City of New York—we regret that the *City College Student*, our authority in the matter, had to refer to them merely as "a group"—recently rated their professors and published the result. The names of very near 100 teachers appeared in the *Student*, classified under A, B, C, D, E, and F. Since "D" was explained as meaning about 50 per cent all right, we are sorry for the thirty whose names came under the last three categories; and we envy the ten—including Morris R. Cohen, Stephen Duggan, Camillo von Klenze, and John Whyte—who got "A." For while prejudices of all sorts must have operated to affect the grading, surely as many prejudices affect the judgments which professors everywhere pass upon students; and we suspect that in the long run the best critic of a teacher is the boy who sits under him every day for nine months. During the first of these months the boy may find the teacher formidably dull or surprisingly bright; but with the passage of days his values are subject to change, and he may find the brightness not so surprising—or he may even discover that the truth, however ponderously conveyed, has its own luster. Certainly in the long run students do not mind being bored now and then by someone whom they have learned to respect. What they never forgive is failure to command this respect. Our confidence in the present rating body is substantially increased by its stern statement that "glittering platitudinizing and liberal-posing have been marked very low, as creating an ephemeral and specious interest."

SIX YALE FRESHMEN caught cheating in an examination have been disqualified from rowing against the Harvard freshmen, and no one suggests that the New Haven university is unduly strict in thus ruining its freshmen crew. Standards have risen in intercollegiate athletics. Sixteen years ago the President of the United States and the Assistant Secretary of State thought Harvard acted too strictly in a similar case, and drew upon themselves one of the most crushing rebukes ever administered to a President. The telegrams are worth recalling:

PRESIDENT C. W. ELIOT, Cambridge:

Is it not possible and would it not be more fitting and just to substitute another punishment for ——— and ——— if, as is stated, they merely took away a book which they were permitted to use in the library? It seems to us, and, we feel sure, to the great body of graduates, that it is unfair and unnecessary to make others suffer for an offense of this kind for which some other punishment might surely be found.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
ROBERT BACON

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, White House, Washington:

Each man did a dishonorable thing. One violated in his private interest and in a crooked way a rule made in the common interest, while the other gave a false name and did not take subsequent opportunity to give his own. The least possible punishment was putting them on probation, but that drops them from the crews. A keen and sure sense of honor being the finest result of college life, I think the college and graduates should condemn effectively dishonorable conduct. The college should also teach that one must never do scurvy things in the supposed interest or for the pleasure of others.

CHARLES W. ELIOT

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The Exploited Farmer

SECRETARY MELLON'S letter in opposition to the Haugen farm-relief bill may become a document of much more historical importance than he imagined when he wrote it. Not that there is anything remarkable in its contents. It states what is plain to every economist, that the measure aims at subsidizing the farmer at the expense of the rest of the community by raising the price of food. But though the contents of the letter is not unusual its source puts on record two highly significant facts:

1. Mr. Mellon, personally a beneficiary of the protective tariff and spokesman for a class that has grown rich out of subsidizing manufacturers at the expense of the rest of the community through raising the price of manufactured products, comes out against extending this charity to another group in the country.

2. Mr. Mellon as the spokesman of the Coolidge Administration declares that no relief can be expected from that quarter for the farmer which is purchased at the expense of the more privileged groups whose interests the Republican Party is primarily organized to protect.

We think it highly significant to have these facts on record because we believe that for the last quarter of a century the farmer has been exploited by the business and professional classes and that his only hope of betterment is in picking up the fat boys of the cities by the slack of the breeches and throwing them over the fence out of the barnyard. There is a great deal of talk about increasing efficiency on the farms or in the methods of marketing their products. Heaven knows there is vast room for it. But no increase of prosperity among farmers themselves will reduce their discontent so long as the present relative disparity exists between their life and that of men with no more ability or energy in the cities. No matter how attractive life on the farm be made per se, our young men are not going to stay there as long as an easier and fatter life is to be had in the cities. In other words, a contented agricultural community can only be had by reducing actually or relatively the standard and way of living of the privileged classes in our urban centers.

Figures recently compiled by the National Industrial Conference Board show that whereas the economic situation of the farmer with respect to other groups in the community rose from 1850 to 1900, it has been falling since. The following table shows the percentages of workers in the major economic groups and their share in the national income:

	1850	1900	1910	1920
Percentage of Workers				
Agriculture	63.2	35.7	34.8	29.0
Manufacturing	15.3	22.5	27.8	30.8
Mining	1.0	1.9	2.5	2.6
Transportation	2.2	5.2	6.9	7.3
Miscellaneous	18.3	34.7	28.0	30.2
Percentage of Income				
Agriculture	34.6	20.5	18.0	13.8
Manufacturing	19.6	28.5	29.2	27.5
Mining	1.0	3.3	3.0	3.6
Transportation	18.6	8.8	9.5	9.6
Miscellaneous	26.2	38.9	40.3	45.3

Thus whereas in 1900 farmers, with 35 per cent of the population, had 20 per cent of the income, their economic position fell in twenty years so that in 1920, with 29 per cent of the population, they had only 13 per cent of the income. In the meanwhile the miscellaneous class—including a large share of the occupations that fatten off the farmer—which in 1900 had 34 per cent of the population and 38 per cent of the income had by 1920 dropped to 30 per cent of the population but obtained 45 per cent of the income. The Conference Board says further:

> In 1924-1925, the most favorable year since 1920, the labor earnings of the average farm operator, including tenants with owners, were $804. This includes the value of food, fuel, and shelter supplied by the farm, estimated by the Department of Agriculture at $634, leaving a cash labor return of approximately $170 available for other living expenses.
>
> The owner-farmer appears to have been in a less favorable situation than the average. His labor return was $573, or less than the value of the food, fuel, and rent enjoyed by the average farmer, a little more than the wages paid to hired labor without board, and less than half the average labor earnings of workers in other occupations.

Some of the things which the farmer has got to go after to retrieve his economic decline are these:

A reduction of the protective tariff by which privileged business groups are subsidized, largely at his expense.

A revision of our taxation system which at present is chiefly a tax on land and hence falls mainly on the farmer. It is estimated that in 1924-1925 the average tax burden of the farmer absorbed 27 per cent of his net cash income after payment of all other expenses.

Cooperative credit whereby the farmer can free himself of the usurious interest rates now exacted.

Simpler and more direct marketing facilities by which the farmer can cut down the vast spread of prices between him and the ultimate consumer. B. F. Yoakum says the farmer sells for $7,500,000,000 products which are sold to the last customer, the consumer, for $22,500,000,000 on an average turnover of thirty days.

No remedies in any of these directions will be of any considerable or permanent importance unless they are opposed to the interests of the business and professional classes that are now exploiting the farmer. It is useless, therefore, for the farmer to expect the slightest fundamental assistance from the Republican or Democratic parties, or in general from the leaders of our urban civilization. When the farmers of North Dakota a few years ago set afoot a genuine program of self-help under the Nonpartisan League it was smashed by the business and banking interests of the great cities. Cooperation has been Mr. Coolidge's favorite panacea for farm relief, but when Smith W. Brookhart advocated it the other day he was assailed by all the business interests of Iowa as undermining the Constitution. The Farm Loan System has been throttled in Washington so as to prevent it from serving its original purpose of cooperative credit for agriculture.

The farmer has been too long good natured, too long given to compromise. To save himself he must get his pitchfork, go to the feed trough, and drive out the hogs that have their snouts buried to the eyes in the swill.

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Bootlegging Milk

OUR growing cities are facing new and serious problems of milk supply. While our city governments are well equipped with health departments, there is no assurance that the inspection service which was adequate five years ago will guarantee clean, rich milk today. New York City is a case in point.

Fifteen years ago the milk supply of New York City was totally unstandardized. No consumer was able to tell whether he was buying milk, water, or sewage. A body of public-spirited citizens got together, outlined standards and succeeded in enforcing them. New York came to have the cleanest milk of any large city in the world. The machinery they erected has endured to this day, but with the disbanding of the citizens' committee the energy which made the machinery function slackened, and abuses have been creeping in ever since. These defects have finally come out into the light, filling the New York papers for weeks past with serious charges of graft, illegitimate inspection, bootlegging of unauthorized supplies. Meanwhile the city has added a million to its population since the original standards and regulations were laid down, and a great increase in consumer-demand, particularly in seasons when dairy production is below normal, has led to a breakdown in the machine erected fifteen years ago. As why should it not?

The essence of the graft cases now being sifted before a jury in a Bronx court is essentially this: New York City's supply was supposed to be drawn from certain limited regions which constituted the "milkshed" of the metropolitan area. In this milkshed the Dairymen's League—a cooperative organization of farmers—played a dominant, and on the whole an efficient, role. Meanwhile city distribution was largely controlled by two large companies, which, however much they may be charged with monopoly, have succeeded in reducing some of the absurd wastes in milk delivery. For the supply which flowed through this highly organized system of production and distribution the city government, through its Health Department, laid down certain rules and regulations covering inspection, grading, and the testing of milk at its source. So long as the supply was ample, and the inspectors remembered the zeal of the citizens who had instituted the procedure, everything went well. But as population increased beyond the limits of the assigned and protected milkshed, and as the years went by with no consumer control, two things happened. A market for milk made itself felt which demanded more than the inspection machinery could supply, and the character and probity of the inspectors themselves began to collapse. To add a last touch, technical methods were perfected for transporting milk in glass tank-cars over areas which were unthinkable when the original machinery was set up. Milk can now go 1,000 miles with less danger of deterioration than it could go 200 miles twelve years ago. It is reported that glass tank-cars have gone from Wisconsin to Florida with a loss of temperature of only one degree.

These economic facts inevitably laid the basis of a very profitable business enterprise—provided nobody made any noise. With city consumers short of milk and ready to pay good prices, with distant producers ready to deliver milk in good condition so far as temperature was concerned, and ready to pay for the right of entrance, what could an inspector with sound American regard for the welfare of the wife and kiddies do but take advantage of such a heaven-sent opportunity? He let the bootleg milk in without inspection and took toll from either the outside producers who shipped it or the retailers who sold it, or both. The czar of the traffic was one Danziger, who corrupted officials of the Health Department and split the spoils according to carefully-worked-out percentages. He has admitted in court that four Wisconsin companies paid him $105,000 for the right to get their cream into the New York market. And he entertained the jury with a recital of the roadhouses, restaurants, and night clubs where no little of the $105,000 was spent. It was a great life while it lasted. But the developing spiral of those who had to be "fixed" finally wrecked the whole enterprise, and Mr. Danziger and his friends will probably lead a quieter and more confined life in the immediate future.

Which is all very well; no one will shed many tears for Danziger and Company in jail, but the economic situation which led to their straying from the path of virtue remains untouched. What is needed, and that without an instant's delay, is a revision of the whole machinery, taking increased consumer demand into account and providing for the satisfaction of that demand upon the basis of inspected and tested milk. We are glad to note that Mr. Wilbur C. Phillips, who had much to do with creating the original machinery, is in the field again with a powerful citizens' committee behind him. But when they straighten it out this time, let us hope that the machinery includes organized consumers vigilantly and *permanently* on the job.

Misguided Diplomacy

THE official abandonment of the plebiscite in Tacna-Arica recalls that after the war of 1879-1883 between Chile on the one hand and Peru and Bolivia on the other, Chile annexed outright the coastal strip, belonging to Bolivia, and the rich province of Tarapaca, belonging to Peru. Not satisfied with these conquests, Chile undertook by the Treaty of Ancon to occupy the Peruvian province of Tacna for ten years, at the end of which time a plebiscite was to be held to determine permanent sovereignty. As it was practically 100 per cent Peruvian in population, there seemed as little doubt as to how the vote would go in 1894, the end of the ten-year period, as there is now about the vote to be taken in the Saar in 1935. The terms of the plebiscite in Tacna, in which is located the important district of Arica, were not fixed in the treaty of 1883, but were left to future determination. Therein lies the source of the forty-year controversy, for Chile refused to agree upon the terms of the plebiscite, so none could take place.

Untold misery has been the lot of the inhabitants since 1904, when Chile first began seriously to entertain the idea of never surrendering the provinces. New theories were then developed in Chile, to the effect that a plebiscite was a farce designed to disguise an annexation, a mere formality never intended to be carried into effect, and that full sovereignty already was vested in Chile. Then also began the systematic expulsion and terrorization of Peruvians and the gradual importation of Chileans. During all this period Peru insisted on the promised plebiscite, but Chile resisted on one pretext or another.

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Finally, after a long rupture of diplomatic relations between the two countries, the obvious festering of the sore, the growing hostility of the two countries, and the threat of interference by the League of Nations came the suggestion of President Harding to submit the matter to the arbitration of the United States. The two countries sent delegates to Washington in 1922, in which the principal issue was whether a plebiscite should be held, forty years after it should have been held and when conditions had completely changed, or whether a plebiscite should be disregarded and direct negotiations between the parties invited. In the latter event, the United States was to lend its good offices to a settlement if the two countries could not come to a voluntary agreement.

In the award of President Coolidge in 1925, the President's advisers and Secretary Hughes, yielding to what they thought was expediency, made the mistake of deciding that a plebiscite should be held. Though always previously refusing a plebiscite, Chile, by 1924, felt that the expulsion of the Peruvians and the introduction of Chileans had gone sufficiently far to make a plebiscite safe, especially as she actually was in military and civil control of the territory and could "manage" the voting. Peru, knowing something of Chilean terrorism in the provinces, demanded direct negotiations and opposed a plebiscite, on the ground that Chile had so changed the conditions that an honest referendum could no longer be held.

The advisers of President Coolidge, who prepared the award for his signature, made several fatal mistakes, due partly to the desire to relieve the United States of all responsibility and partly to ignorance of conditions in the territory. They felt apparently that a plebiscite of the inhabitants would throw responsibility upon the people of the territory and avoid the necessity for further good offices, which the United States would probably be called upon to extend in the event of an award providing for a renewal of direct negotiations.

Peru, nevertheless, went ahead with the arrangements for the plebiscite on the promise that the United States would see that it was fairly conducted. Probably it could have been fairly conducted had the United States been willing to invite assistance from some South American nations and had there been military supervision of the plebiscite region. But Mr. Hughes, on the one hand, wanted the entire prestige of settlement to go to the United States and yet, on the other hand, was unwilling to take the responsibility of military supervision. The President appointed the neutral members of the Plebiscite Commission, headed first by General Pershing and later by General Lassiter. Both soon realized that a fair plebiscite was impossible so long as Chile remained in control of the territory.

General Lassiter's denunciation of Chile as fraudulently preventing an honest plebiscite is at the same time, though unintentionally, a denunciation of the intelligence of the arbitrator. Some months ago Secretary Kellogg, realizing the situation, proposed direct negotiations, as originally demanded by Peru. The proposal seems to be too late, for Chile refuses to cooperate further, insisting upon that plebiscite which General Lassiter has characterized as impossible. Thus the position is perhaps worse than it was in 1921 when President Harding proposed arbitration. The United States has lost in prestige, the feelings of Chile and Peru are more inflamed than ever, and a settlement appears more remote than before.

Henry Ford, Antiquarian

HENRY FORD, who does not believe in history, i tinkering with the past again. The schoolhouse a Sterling, Massachusetts, to which Mary Sawyer took he little lamb one morning in 1811 or 1812 (historians hav not decided which), collapsed long ago, and still anothe schoolhouse has come and gone upon the site. But a fe stones of the original foundation remain—or remaine until a few weeks ago, when representatives of Mr. Ford came without credentials and purchased them for five dol lars. They are to be removed, it seems, to Sudbury, Mas sachusetts, which the famous antiquarian is rapidly mak ing over into a colonial village, and they are to becom keystones in the foundation of a red schoolhouse approx imating as closely as research can make it the buildin where Mary broke all the rules and earned an immortalit in song. Another red schoolhouse, brought intact fro Winchendon, will be in Sudbury before it. And of cours the Wayside Inn, as unchanged from its condition in 168 as money can manage, will be there too—not to speak o Mellie Dunham and his old-time fiddle, the ancient black smith-shop which Longfellow had in mind when he wrot The Village Blacksmith, an old grist mill, an old stag coach, and a collection of old tavern signs and artisans' symbols. All this was preceded in Mr. Ford's career a antiquarian by his undertaking to restore to its origina state the house where he was born in the West, by his fur tive passion for old-fashioned jigs behind the locked door of his Michigan mansion, and by his very expensive searc for the first McGuffey Readers.

The whole of this career has its curious aspect whe one considers how with his other hand Mr. Ford ha wrought as few Americans have wrought to transform th face of his continent. We hear that he is the best know of all Americans in contemporary Russia; and we are per fectly sure that a Russian who came over here with Henr Ford in his head would go to Detroit rather than to Sud bury. So, naturally, to most of his countrymen he is th maker of millions of cheap automobiles and the inspire of thousands of miles of concrete pavement rather than collector of rickety stage-coaches with moth-holes in thei upholstery. With his left hand he restores a self-sufficien little eighteenth-century village; but with his right han he had already caused the land to be dotted red and yello with filling-stations, and he had raised a factory in Detroi which had become almost the symbol of standardized pro duction.

With one side of his brain he has dismissed all his tory as useless; with the other side he indulges a passio which is almost a mania for the kind of history he ca understand. We have no objection to Mr. Ford's kind o history. It is a real and important kind, and we are de lighted over Sudbury. Doubtless no man can contemplat the whole past of his race with peace and understanding. Much of it will seem useless to his soul, as practically a written history does to Mr. Ford. What is amusing an impressive is this sign that Mr. Ford cannot down a cer tain hankering for the past. His effort, it would seem, is to reline the average American mind not with transmis sion-bands but with the images, the songs, the stories, an the convictions it once had—and, we hope, still has in s far as these things represent a living folklore.

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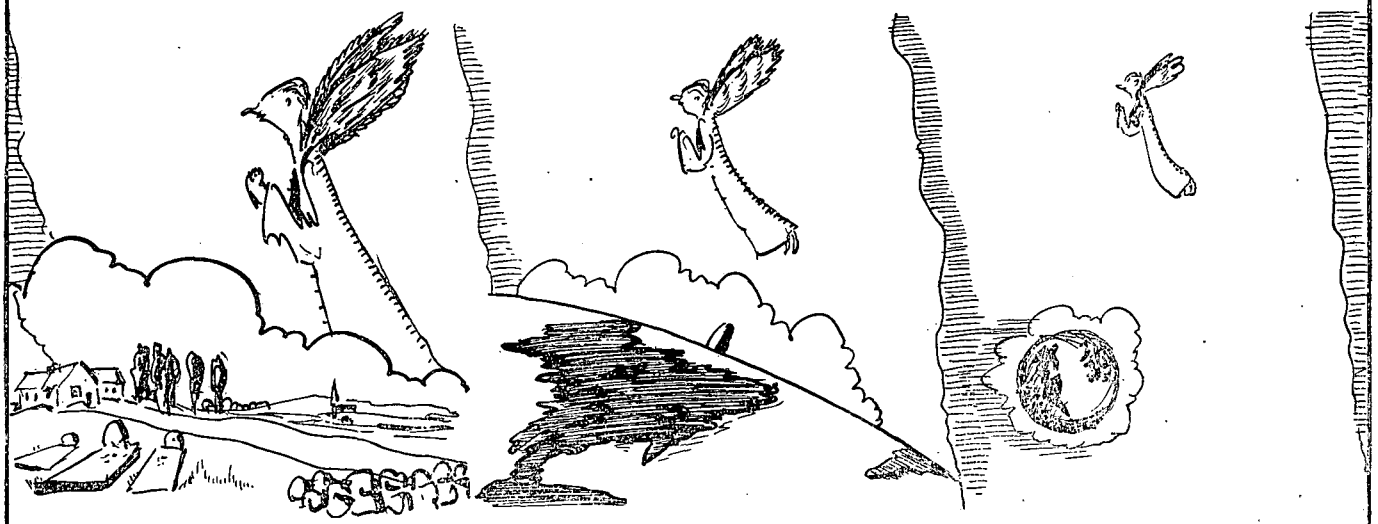
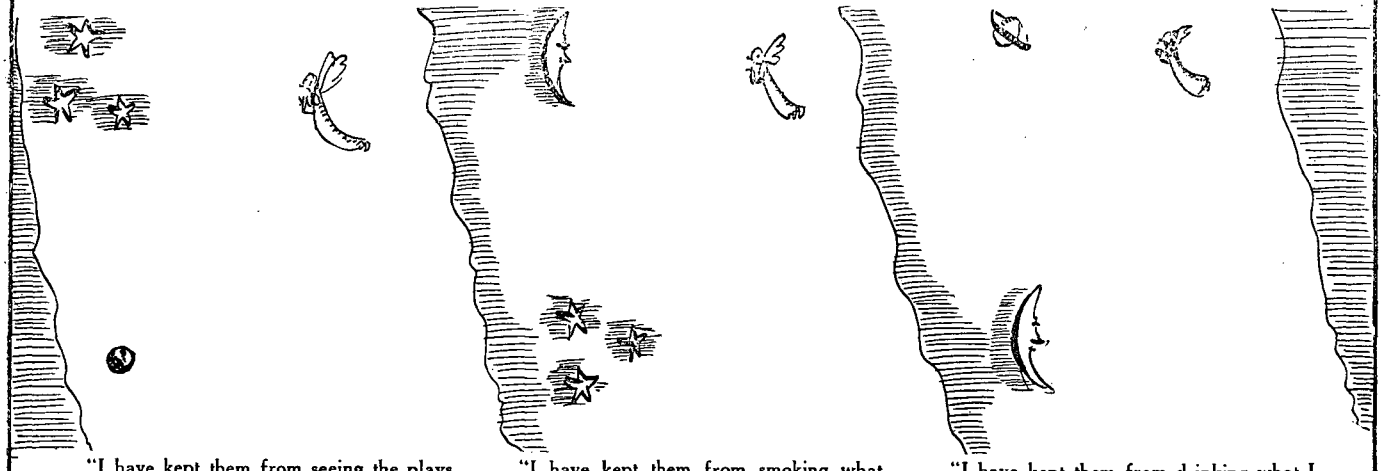
The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



"Of Course it does seem rather a pity that I should have been obliged to leave this earth before I had made it completely perfect.

"But then I have done my best to make it as perfect as possible, and so, I am sure, all will be well with me.

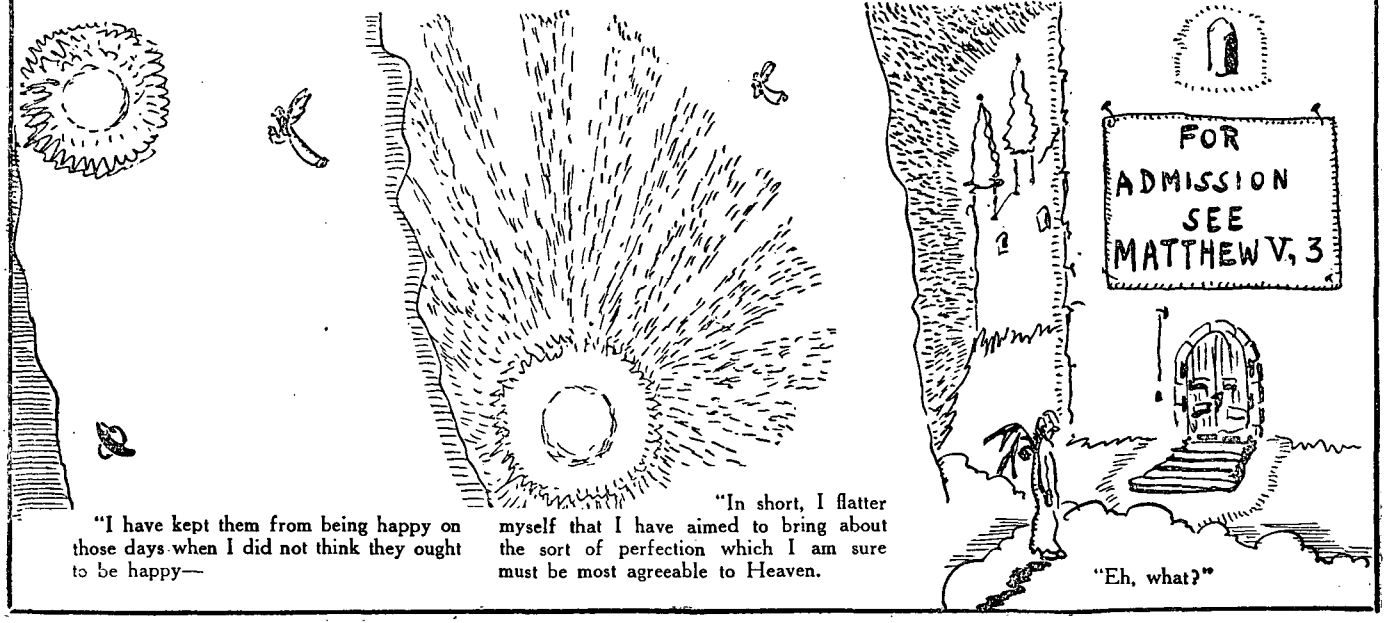
"I have kept the people from reading what I thought they ought not to read—



"I have kept them from seeing the plays which I did not think they ought to see—

"I have kept them from smoking what I did not think they ought to smoke—

"I have kept them from drinking what I did not think they ought to drink—



"I have kept them from being happy on those days when I did not think they ought to be happy—

"In short, I flatter myself that I have aimed to bring about the sort of perfection which I am sure must be most agreeable to Heaven.

"Eh, what?"

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Alton B. Parker and Theodore Roosevelt

A Study in Historical Contradictions

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

TWO things made the late Alton B. Parker's campaign for the Presidency of the United States stand out: First, the telegram he sent to the Democratic Convention at St. Louis, which had just nominated him for the Presidency, declining the nomination unless a gold plank were inserted in the platform. The telegram electrified the country. Here was a man known as an able and upright judge of the Court of Appeals in New York who declined to accept the nomination for the highest office unless upon a platform which squared with his convictions. The New York *Evening Post* and *The Nation* burst into an enthusiastic panegyric. They spoke of Judge Parker as

> a figure of heroic proportions. . . . when the judge wrote his astounding, his exhilarating, his conquering telegram. Such clear and shining courage has not been seen in a Presidential candidate since Charles Francis Adams wrote, "Take me out of that crowd." In Judge Parker's person the man who would rather be right than President exists anew. Taking his political life in his hands, Alton B. Parker put away the Presidency unless it were offered to him on terms squaring with his own convictions. No wonder the country was thrilled. No wonder that Europe rubbed its eyes. A man had risen, towering above the puny politicians.

When the Parker telegram arrived at St. Louis it was believed to be a forgery. Even the Associated Press questioned it. "Bravery's simple gravitation" had "drawn the whole world" again. But it is doubtful if Mr. Parker was himself conscious either of performing a heroic act or doing anything to strike fire from his countrymen. The dispatch gave him, however, a wonderful start in his campaign, for the convention had to give him what he wanted, and the currency issue was thereby eliminated from the campaign and the influence of William J. Bryan relegated to the rear. There was consternation in the camp of Theodore Roosevelt. Senator Beveridge had sneered at Mr. Parker as "a man of mystery," but now it appeared as if the man of mystery were a man of large intellectual stature, just the kind of a man to give Theodore Roosevelt a hard race for the Presidency. The independent Democratic press swung into line behind the New York judge, and there was every prospect of a spirited campaign.

The prospect was not borne out. I was one of those who went to Esopus and heard Judge Parker read his address of acceptance upon the lawn of his summer home. It stirred no man's pulses, and from then on his speeches proved sound, honest, sincere, and thoroughly dull. He was accepted as a Cleveland type of man, but times had gone far beyond the Cleveland era. Moreover, it gradually appeared that Judge Parker was the special protege of the rich men of the Democratic Party and was looked upon with great favor by the railroad and steel magnates who usually upheld, financed, and owned the Republican Party but had had their confidence in it rudely shaken by the trust-busting activities of President Roosevelt. I remember my shock when I once called upon the candidate at the Waldorf-Astoria and found him seated with Thomas F. Ryan and August Belmont. But there was no alternative, and the *Evening Post* and *The Nation* stuck by their guns, particularly because Judge Parker had come out strongly against the conquest of the Philippines, against the imperialistic policies of the United States, and American militarism, which seemed to us then, as they had in 1900, the all-important issues of the hour. Had Mr. Parker been elected there is no doubt that the Philippines would have been freed and the story of our aggressions in the Caribbean an entirely different one.

The campaign dragged its weary length along without further sensations until toward the end of October when the other incident occurred which makes the Parker candidacy stand out. In the last week of the campaign the Judge issued a tremendous broadside against the acceptance by the Republicans of moneys from great corporations. He declared that the corporations were being "shaken down" by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Cortelyou, and that huge sums had been raised in the last days of the campaign to win the election. Judge Parker stated that he had positive knowledge of this. He also pointed out most effectively the existence of a vicious circle: "Undue protection that riches may be unfairly acquired; contribution of riches so acquired that undue protection may be continued and extended." The President was compelled to reply in a personal letter in which he admitted that contributions had been made to his campaign fund by corporations. But because no one could produce a written agreement pledging to the contributing corporation special government privileges, Mr. Roosevelt asserted that there was no impropriety in such gifts of money and that to imply any such thing was slander. He kept absolutely silent about the charge that the tariff beneficiaries were pouring money into his campaign chest. It was an extremely effective reply, especially as it challenged Judge Parker to substantiate his charges with facts and details. Judge Parker could only answer that the information came to him in such a way that he could not reveal its source, but that he could guarantee its reliability. He had the facts, but he could not name names and cite specific sums, though he knew the names of the great magnates who were induced by Theodore Roosevelt personally to contribute in the last days of the campaign and even the amounts that they had agreed to contribute. Roosevelt's bluff "went," and so did his great popularity with the masses of the people, notably in the West, who really believed that he kept the corporations and their managers and all political bosses at arm's length.

Some years afterward the facts came out. As I happened to get the story at first hand from one of the participants it is worth recording as a chapter of never fully written history. Judge Parker had the information on which he based his charges from Daniel S. Lamont, president of the Northern Pacific Railway, who had been private secretary to Grover Cleveland and later Secretary of War in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, a lifelong personal friend of Alton Parker's and a Democrat when he was not a cor-

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poration president. Lamont told Parker in detail how, in the later days of the campaign, Mr. Roosevelt had sent for a delegation of magnates, who actually went down to the White House. President Roosevelt assured them that if he did not obtain large sums of money at once with which to win the election Parker would succeed. He made distinct promises as to what he would do and how he would act if he got the money. He received it—some $250,000. Of this sum Edward H. Harriman collected $200,000 with which, so he wrote to his friend Sidney Webster, on January 21, 1906, "at least 50,000 voters were turned in the city of New York alone."

None the less, on November 4, 1904, President Roosevelt felt himself justified in making this statement in his long reply to Judge Parker:

> The assertion that Mr. Cortelyou had any knowledge gained while in an official position whereby he was enabled to secure and did secure any contributions from any corporation is a falsehood. . . . The assertion that there has been made in my behalf and by my authority, by Mr. Cortelyou or by anyone else, any pledge or promise or that there has been any understanding as to future immunities or benefits in recognition of any contribution from any source, is a wicked falsehood. . . . As Mr. Cortelyou has said to me more than once during the campaign, if elected I shall go into the Presidency unhampered by any pledge, promise, or understanding of any kind, sort, or description, save my promise made openly to the American people that so far as in my power lies I shall see to it that every man has a square deal, no less and no more.

During the campaign of 1910 I was approached by the head of one of the most conservative and reputable banking firms in Wall Street, whom I had never met before, with the request that I come to his office to get the story of an important matter. When I arrived this gentleman told me that he had been one of the warmest friends of the late Hamilton McK. Twombly and that he had had from Mr. Twombly's own lips the story of the magnates' trip to the White House in the 1904 campaign. He told how the men making up the delegation had spent the evening at Mr. Twombly's country home in New Jersey, and had then been motored to a private car which lay in the yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad outside the Jersey City station. In order to keep complete secrecy the men entered the private car in the yards, where it was coupled to one of the night trains to Washington. It was similarly detached from the rear of the train when it reached Washington and was left outside the Union Station there. Here the magnates were met by a White House automobile and driven directly to the least conspicuous entrance to the White House, that opposite to the Treasury, on Fifteenth Street. They arrived there about seven in the morning and were immediately taken into the White House without being seen by any of the attendants—of course there are no reporters on duty at that hour. My informant related in detail Mr. Twombly's description of the absolute funk in which the brave Rough Rider found himself, and how he begged for the financial help he felt he must have in order to save New York. The details and the evident sincerity of my informant convinced me, but I pointed out that it would be impossible to print the story as he told it without some living person vouching for it, particularly as the broker himself did not wish to stand sponsor for it. I also reminded him that Edward H. Harriman had more than two years before declared that Roosevelt had asked him to raise $250,000 for the Presidential campaign. "I never," Roosevelt had said, "requested Mr. Harriman to raise a dollar for the Presidential campaign of 1904. On the contrary, our communications as regards the campaign related exclusively to the fight being made against Mr. Higgins for Governor of New York. . . . He was concerned only in getting me to tell Mr. Cortelyou to aid Mr. Higgins so far as he could, which I gladly did." It was agreed that the story could only be used as told if it were sponsored by someone who had actually been on the party and that Mr. Henry C. Frick was the most likely man to avow publicly the correctness of the details.

I took the train to Boston and called upon Mr. Frick at his home at Pride's Crossing. He confirmed the story in every detail and was entirely cynical about it. Mr. Roosevelt had agreed to be "good" if they would raise the money for him. "Why, he fairly went down on his knees to us in his fear of defeat," declared Mr. Frick, "and said that he would be good and would leave the railroads and corporations alone if we would only give him this financial help. We did, but he didn't stay put in his second term. We got nothing for our money." To my surprise Mr. Frick agreed to vouch for the narrative, but at the last moment he declared that he would have to talk it over with his lawyers. Feeling sure that his lawyers would advise him to keep out of any controversy with Mr. Roosevelt I left the house in complete disappointment. I never heard from Mr. Frick thereafter, but was notified from his office that Mr. Frick would not permit me to use the story as coming from him. I thereupon toned it down and printed it upon the first page of the New York *Evening Post* of November 2, 1910.

The matter again came up in the campaign of 1912, at which time a Congressional Committee was investigating gifts to campaign funds by corporations. It was then made known that Mr. Frick raised $50,000 and Mr. Twombly $50,000 of the total amount. It was Mr. Frick who made Mr. Twombly go to the White House. Mr. Twombly was less than lukewarm about the candidacy of Roosevelt, but the assurances given by the Colonel at the White House won him over. Mr. Twombly was at that time the representative of the Vanderbilt interests and a director in no less than forty-six banks, railroads, and trust companies. Mr. Frick was one of the leading spirits in the United States Steel Corporation and a director in the Reading and Rock Island railroads. Both were the type of men against whom Mr. Roosevelt had railed as "malefactors of great wealth."

The investigating committee ran across the trail of a Standard Oil contribution through John D. Archbold to Cornelius Bliss, treasurer of the Roosevelt Campaign fund —Mr. Archbold admitted it. Mr. Roosevelt on September 1, 1912, replied in an eighteen-thousand word statement which filled ten or more columns in the daily press, in which he showed that he had written and telegraphed Mr. Cortelyou, his campaign chairman, asking him if a campaign contribution had been received from the Standard Oil Company, and ordered its return. Mr. Cortelyou assured him that no such contribution had been received. This long statement also included Mr. Roosevelt's reply to Judge Parker and his reply to Edward H. Harriman, in which he again declared that the Harriman money had been used for the election of Governor Higgins and not for himself, as if it were possible in a Presidential election to

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separate a gubernatorial campaign in a great State like New York from the Presidential canvass. But this Roosevelt statement again utterly ignored the early morning visit of the magnates. Nor was Mr. Roosevelt's position strengthened when subsequently, in the investigation of the insurance scandals, Charles E. Hughes brought out the fact that George W. Perkins contributed $48,702 to the Roosevelt campaign fund of 1904, for which sum he was subsequently reimbursed by the New York Life Insurance Company. Mr. Roosevelt, of course, remained convinced that the large corporations had had nothing to do with his reelection. Political observers have always felt otherwise.

The most interesting part of the whole thing was that, as the historian James Ford Rhodes points out, Mr. Roosevelt, experienced politician and amazingly keen judge of public feeling and sentiment as he was, was the only one in the management of the Republican campaign who was worried about the outcome of the election, and he won so overwhelmingly as to show that he did not need the financial help he asked and obtained. Certainly no one can assert that the money given him by the group which went to Washington was the deciding factor in the election. If he had not received a cent he would still have buried Mr. Parker.

As for the latter gentleman, he sank into more or less obscurity as a corporation lawyer and never again thrilled the American people in any way. In fact, in his later years he quite swung around from the anti-imperialist attitude of his Presidential campaign, became a pillar of the National Security League and a tremendous patriot bent on rooting out the "red" menace at any cost, and proved himself a completely reactionary conservative. Apart from his attitude on the Philippines, his administration had he been elected would have been as thoroughly satisfactory to the big-business interests of the country as Mr. Roosevelt's was happily unsatisfactory to them. The early morning conference at the White House put its money, from its own point of view, on the wrong horse. Mr. Roosevelt took money from Wall Street and then refused to "stay put." Judge Parker, unbought, would undoubtedly have played Wall Street's game.

A Nation of Anarchists

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

CHINA is an anarchist's heaven. There is no government worthy of the name; people are happiest where there is least government; and the worst evils of Chinese life obviously spring from the attempts of misguided people to govern her. Where would-be rulers are missing, China does well enough. Go out into the country districts, and you will find the Chinese living much as they have lived for thirty or forty centuries, blissfully unconscious of the necessity for the elaborate paraphernalia of Western law and order.

"It was the appearance of sages," one of China's wise old men wrote twenty-odd centuries ago, "which caused the appearance of robbers. . . . The people were innocent until sages came to worry them with ceremonies and music in order to rectify them, and dangled charity and duty to one's neighbor before them in order to satisfy their hearts —then the people began to stump and limp about in their love of knowledge and to struggle with each other in their desire for gain."

We of the West can never, I think, understand China, until we recover somewhat from our respect for political institutions and grasp the idea that government is not an end but a means. We are accustomed to thinking in terms of law; the Chinese are not. They have a magnificent contempt for political government, and a fundamental instinct for getting along with one another on a basis of custom and reasonableness which confounds the foreigner appalled by their political chaos. It may be inevitable that we shall force respect for government and written laws upon the Chinese, along with Western efficiency and mechanical ingenuity; but China's ability to get along in apparent anarchy is really evidence of the profundity of her civilization. Chuang-tzu was right when he said that "ceremonies and laws are the lowest form of government." China would be in far worse condition today if she had not acquired through the centuries a considerable immunity to the ravages of political misgovernment.

A peasant in West China does not care whether the government in Peking is republican, or monarchist, or soviet-revolutionary, as long as he can harvest and sell his grain in peace, and it would not occur to him that the manner of government could affect the price of grain. He knows that he can deal with his neighbors without a government. Only when men fighting for political control rob his farmyard, conscript his sons, and ruin his fields is he disturbed. Until the robbers reach his land he watches serenely the coming and going of governments. He feels no need, neither he nor his ancestors has ever felt the need of government. And China is so vast a continent that she can support a dozen local civil wars and still leads most of her population to toil in peace, undisturbed by rackets and roars which often loom larger in the pages of the New York and Paris newspapers than they do in the village life of the bulk of China.

It is possible to paint a ghastly picture of the chaos in China today—and it too will be true. The "Peking Government" is a farce—its writ does not run beyond the walls of the capital, and even within the city the military men defy its orders and collect illegal taxes despite its feeble protests. Chang Tso-lin and his satraps rule Manchuria, Shantung, and Chihli Province, within which the capital lies. Feng Yu-hsiang's lieutenants hold the northwest territories as an independent nation. Wu Pei-fu dominates Honan and most of the Upper Yangtze Valley, but he cannot control his nominal subordinates. Sun Chuan-fong has declared his independence in the lower Yangtze, including the rich territory about Shanghai; Canton in the South has a government which gives not even lip-allegiance to Peking, but boldly proclaims itself the true nationalist Government of all China; Szechuan in the West is divided between three rival forces; and in far-away Yunnan a local potentate rules unconscious of any outer influence except that exerted from the south by France. And

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all these tuchuns and tupans are more or less continuously at war with one another, in variously shifting combinations.

This civil war in China, while relatively courteous—the forces fighting in North China in December, for instance, declare a temporary armistice during a particularly bitter spell of cold weather—levies a deadly toll on the working population. They pay in taxes, sometimes collected by force for years in advance, in lost work, and in higher prices. Two years of civil war (1924-1925) raised the Peking price of millet and kaffir corn (grains much used by the work-people in North China) to an extent which, it is estimated, meant an increased cost of living for a working-class family of $4.50 (gold) a month—an appalling sum in a country where many people earn no more than that. J. E. Baker, adviser to the Ministry of Communications, reckons that the loss of commerce in North China alone in the sixteen months of civil war ending with December, 1925, amounted to nearly $400,000,000—more than the entire cost of construction of all China's five thousand odd miles of railways.

When I was in Tsingtao in February the military governor had just commandeered every freight car in Shantung for troop movements, leaving not one for commerce—while for months none had been available except by payment of an extra "squeeze" of $50 per car. All winter the British-American Tobacco Company moved its goods by ox-cart from Tientsin to Peking, over a bad dirt road which parallels a good railway line—because the military had other uses for the freight cars. The nine higher government schools in Peking closed for the month of March because the instructors' salaries were months in arrears and there was no prospect of further payments; similar conditions prevail in the government schools in Nanking and elsewhere.

One could continue this recital of chaos and calamity almost indefinitely. But China is for the most part organized on a medieval village economy which enables her to withstand buffets which would destroy a more developed nation. She suffers most where the foreign-built railways and foreign machinery have upset the old economy and made the country dependent on the cities and their trade. There is no railroad from Canton to Central and North China, and Canton Province—which is itself a nation with more inhabitants than Great Britain or France—can suffer wholesale civil war without affecting other provinces at all. When Wu Pei-fu's troops marched north into Honan province, the Hankow industrial center breathed a sigh of relief and returned to business as usual. Fighting in North China leaves Shanghai almost undisturbed, and a war in Kiangsu hardly ruffles Peking. Ten miles off the line of march of contending armies the peasants plow their fields and tend their cabbages in peace.

Even the most modern industrial centers have a local vitality that amazes one accustomed to the intricate interdependence of our Western economic structures. Whenever Canton gets a six months' respite from local wars she begins to tear down houses in her picturesque narrow lanes and substitute wide modern avenues, to build more horse roads, to prolong the roads into the country, to develop a system of Ford buses; far-away Chengtu in war-ridden Szechuan does likewise; Hangchow, near Shanghai, has transformed itself during a period of civil wars. All over China local communities are building roads, installing electric-light plants, telephone systems, fire companies, even sprinkling carts. While civil war obscures the newspaper horizons the industrial revolution quietly takes its course. Power looms are installed; the small-home unit of production gives way to larger units; sweatshops, small factories, large factories develop like mushrooms. In the same months in which Mr. Baker was figuring the vast loss of commerce on the North China railways due to civil war, the number of Chinese-owned cotton mills in all China (mostly about Shanghai and Tsingtao) jumped from 54 to 69, the number of looms from 8,500 to 16,400, and the number of spindles from a million and a half to almost two million.

China is not a modern nation; she is a civilization, a continent bursting out of the Middle Ages. Each of her twenty-one provinces is bigger than most European nations. Canton alone—although the customs receipts are sent away to Peking to pay interest on the foreign loans—has a normal monthly revenue nearly three times Esthonia's. And a continent can survive civil wars as a nation cannot. The Thirty Years' War devastated Germany, but France and Italy attended to their own business relatively undisturbed.

Foreigners, accustomed to the national patterns of the West, curse China's chaos—and their business, radiating from a few centers of communication, may indeed be ruined by a few months of war. It is they who clamor for what we understand as "law and order." Some foreign-educated Chinese join them, and the Chinese Government, more and more powerless and out of touch with the real movements of China, is constantly devising brand-new, up-to-date codes and systems to prove to the foreigners that China is as progressive as may be desired. The ordinary Chinese, who has been taught by a tradition centuries old that a government is an institution which robs the masses by taxes for the benefit of the few, does not care whether there is a government in Peking or not; he wants primarily to be let alone.

M. Jean Escarra, one of China's most learned foreign legal advisers, says that "One may still wonder whether the Chinese will not turn from courts and modern laws back to their old preferences for conciliation, compromise, arbitration within the family circle, guilds, professional associations, which are in truth in their provincial and communal framework their true form of government." If they do adapt themselves to our ways, M. Escarra comments, "more than one thinker will close his book with melancholy at seeing the Sage's dream fading away from the minds of his people, the dream that wished to govern the world by virtue, disdaining mere laws."

A strong central government would undoubtedly be a convenience to the Western Powers, who today are not quite sure to whom to protest against violations of the treaties, but it is not at all certain that it is a matter of immediate importance to China. If we want to know what is happening in China we shall have to forget the political chaos and the evanescent military campaigns, cease hoping for a Napoleonic strong man, and look deeper.

[*This is the second of a series of articles on China by Lewis S. Gannett. The first, printed in last week's issue, was called Unchanging China; a third, Is China Being Americanized, will appear two weeks from now.*]

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Harvest Days in Kansas

By W. G. CLUGSTON

THE wheat harvest is in full swing. Farmers of Kansas are as busy as a hive of bees when the honeysuckle and sweet clover are in bloom.

Across the endless plains the binders, headers, and "combines" are broadcasting their great annual humming symphony. Singly and in groups, they circle the waving stretches of the golden grain. Nature has finished painting her great picture; now man puts on his show—robbing the art gallery to enrich himself and his brothers in Baltimore, Berlin, and Bermuda.

But it is a grand spectacle. As the harvesters hum and horses and harvest hands sweat and the golden curtain which has hidden the earth drops and is gathered up, young rabbits, terrified by the monsters which have suddenly made their appearance, rush from corner to corner of their rapidly disappearing hiding places; the meadow lark and quail flutter about in agitated manner. Sometimes it seems that nature, angered at the outrage, strikes at her assailants: the sun pours down heat waves which all but fry one's flesh; sometimes the sky darkens, thunder peals, and forked lightning flashes about the flying sickles. But man must have his bread or perish.

It is, perhaps, a bumper crop—the State's total yield may go as high as 150,000,000 bushels. The farmers are nervously happy—happy over the heavy yields, and nervous about the gathering of the grain. Sleeping hours are short on the farm these nights, and the wheat grower is restless in his snatched slumber because his mind is burdened with so many duties and anxieties. Hands must be had, machinery must be in repair, and emergency breakdowns provided for; money must be borrowed for paying the help and buying grub; there must be coal or gasoline for threshing, and there must be oil for the machinery, and twine on hand if binders are used; the bins and granaries must be made ready; the weather signs must be watched.

While the farmer is busy and blustering with responsibilities, his spirit is buoyant; he is proud of himself because nature has brought him such a bountiful harvest. In the kitchen his help-mate, the wife, and daughters, if he is doubly blessed, must also hustle in a hazy confusion of never-ending labor. The farmer has learned that it is good policy to feed well his harvest help, and the responsibility for doing this falls upon the women folks. How the husky farm hands eat at harvest time! Fruits, cereals, fried meats, eggs, potatoes and other vegetables—always cabbage—bread of every description, butter, gravy, preserves, molasses, and milk disappear like slop poured into a hog trough. Many farmers feed their men five times a day during the harvest—three "regular" meals at the house, with lunches taken to the field about the middle of the morning and afternoon. On the smaller farms especially the housewives employ their culinary art without stint, serving pies and pastries of many kinds, even pies for breakfast at some places.

The harvest hands pour into the State from Oklahoma, from Kansas City, and other Southern and Eastern points —forty thousand of them finding work for a few weeks as they move northward with the cutting. It would be a tame show without the variety they bring. There is the city laborer, unable to obtain work in his regular line or eager for a taste of the country; there is the migratory farm hand on his annual outing; the half-hobo, willing to work for a "feed-up" and a stake; the college youth and occasionally a college professor. They come on the rods, the blind baggage, in cattle cars, on "the cushions," and sometimes by the car-load when many men are needed in one community and labor-bureau officials undertake to fill the demand. They get from three to seven dollars a day and "keep." Scales usually run close to the lower figure. But every kind of specimen that humanity puts into her live-animal exhibits is lured to the harvest. Occasionally, there is even a feminine freak, disguised as a man.

Two college youths, of the tanned-tenderfoot type from an Eastern State, come up from Enid, Oklahoma, and land in Great Bend, Kansas. The surrounding farmers are "all fixed," but they learn men are needed at Olmitz, a German settlement a few miles up the railroad. Leaving their suitcases which contain their city suits at a local hardware store, they hit the trail for Olmitz. But the weather worsts them and it rains before they arrive—a real rainy spell sets in.

Olmitz is full of idle men who are waiting for the weather to clear up. More come with every train, freight and passenger; some also leave by every train. A few pick up chances to go out with farmers and do chores for their grub while waiting for the fields to dry out; the others loaf around the pool hall, post office, restaurant, feed store, and depot, some eating at the restaurant, and some buying grub which they cook on campfires down in the cattle pens. They sleep in barns, in sheds, out on the station platform—any place.

The college boys try all the varieties of living, but they become impatient. They hear there is work further west and decide to take Horace Greeley's advice. A Missouri Pacific passenger train is due about 11 o'clock at night which stops to take water. They decide to take a hop on the blind baggage. Besides the chance of getting work more quickly they have a desire to see what kind of a metropolis Scott City may be.

They climb up the front end of the baggage car, behind the coal tender, standing as close to the car wall as they can, holding on by gripping the brake rods. But the fireman has seen them and makes them get off before the train starts. As they walk down the track, dejected, a regular 'bo comes down from the top of the baggage car. He has heard the fireman bounce them and he offers a friendly tip.

"Why don't you deck the —— of a ——?" the hobo asks. The boys show by their looks they do not understand exactly what he means, and the gallant knight condescends to explain to them that if they will climb up on top of the car and lie down on their bellies they will have the best riding there is.

After a brief consultation, the boys do as directed and the train pulls out with them aboard, or atop. What an experience! What a ride! What thrills—what educa-

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tion this is! Holding to the roof of the car with grips that make their fingers ache, they are soon chilled to the bone, while hot cinders pound them in the face and on the hands. Never did a train go so fast, never were fingers put to a more trying test. They decide not to go on to Scott City; they climb off at La Crosse, the first stop west of Olmitz.

It is not yet daylight as they walk down the track toward a flickering arc-light and bump into the night marshal, who looks them over and begins asking questions. They tell him of their experience and make him a witness to their pledge never to do any more deck-riding except on the water. The marshal tells them there is no work around La Crosse, but he has heard of a farmer down in Pawnee County who needs men, and he helps them bum a ride on a truck that is going to Pawnee Rock. There a farmer picks them up and loads them into his Ford with three other men. They are at the farmhouse before the sun is half an hour high.

"You guys is damn lucky," one of the men remarks as they wash their faces down at the milk-shed and wait to be called to breakfast. "I've worked for this gazabo three years runnin' and there ain't no better grubber this side of grandma's dining-room. He's got a wife and three daughters what make up the best cookin' quartet I ever et after. Wait till you see the grub they shove at you!"

The speaker did not exaggerate. After a breakfast of cornflakes and cream, ham and eggs, fried potatoes, bread and butter and cherry preserves, coffee, milk, and marmalade they are out in the field following the binder. Day after day, until they are hardened and tough, they follow the trail the bull-wheel makes as it circles the ever-shrinking rectangle of standing grain. Finally, there will be only a swath standing. The scared, half-grown rabbits will begin to scamper across the stubble in every direction. And the boys will let out yells and take after them as the farmer stops his horses, props his feet high up on the platform lever, and leans back to enjoy the race of youth—the "young bucks" chasing the young cotton-tails.

One more round and harvest will be over.

Virginia Woolf*

By EDWIN MUIR

THE historian writing fifty years hence of the literature of today will find in it a certain note of inhumanity. He will speak of our hostility to mankind, and he will remark how different Mr. James Joyce's attitude to his characters is from that of Scott, for example, or Jane Austen. A thorough dislike of their creations characterizes, indeed, the majority of modern novelists. Mr. Joyce hates and scorns his characters; Mr. Huxley's inspire him with disgust or with ill-natured laughter; Mr. Lawrence hews his down right and left in the name of his "dark god"; Mr. Stephen Hudson submits his, most severe test of all, to a scrupulous intellectual scrutiny. These writers do not accept the character as an end in himself; he is always a means to them; he is always on a different plane from the mind which evoked him. The contemporary novelist does not walk through his crowds, on easy terms with them, good and bad, as Fielding and Thackeray walked through theirs. He is not among the works of his hands, but detached from them; he watches their movements as a scientist might watch the progress of an experiment. Jane Austen, we feel, is always at the excursions and tea parties she describes; she is one of the characters, the least observed and most observant of all. But this can scarcely be said of Mr. Joyce or Mr. Huxley or Mr. Hudson, even when they are portraying figures clearly autobiographical. There is always detachment in their spirit, a certain hostile watchfulness, a barrier of conscious or unconscious irony. They do not meet their characters on the same level as we should, if we were given the chance.

It may be said of Mrs. Woolf that she does meet her characters on this level. She accepts them as ends; she accepts them, that is to say, as people of the same status and existing in the same dimension as herself. She might walk into her novels and be at home in them. She stands in the same relation to her characters as almost all the chief English novelists have stood to theirs. Her attitude, like theirs, is eminently practical, tolerant, appreciative, intelligent; it has the good sense and sagacity of the English prose tradition.

The point is important, for an easy coming and going between the mind of the novelist and the world he creates has characterized the bulk of great fiction. It characterizes the Russian fiction we know; it characterizes French fiction to the time of Flaubert; it has characterized English fiction up to Mr. Joyce and Mr. Lawrence. The advantage it gives to the novelist is clear. It endows his imaginary world with an everyday actuality, a toughness which will stand wear and tear. It insensibly inclines us to the useful illusion that all we are reading about is actual; and when we once believe that, the background of the world will fill in readily behind it, as it fills in behind the happenings we hear of in actual life. But for the artist himself the pragmatic attitude has deeper virtues. If it does not make his imagination more profound, it makes it, at any rate, more dependable, sets it working more thoroughly. His relation to his characters being horizontal, being, that is to say, on the same plane if in one important respect not the same as the relations of the characters among themselves, he will understand their reactions to each other more naturally and feel them more concretely than he could if he were surveying them from a height, if he were sinking his mind into them instead of sharing it with them. For this practical, everyday, distinctively prose way of approaching the theme perhaps the best term is intelligence. It is not a purely intellectual quality; it consists rather in the use of the intellect and the imagination in a comprehensive but common-sense way, as if, exercised on imaginary situations, they were being exercised on the actual problems of life.

The quality of intelligence Mrs. Woolf has in a high degree. It is to be seen equally and is of the same quality

* This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Muir dealing with those younger authors of today who are in process of becoming established. Essays have appeared on D. H. Lawrence, Edith Sitwell, Lytton Strachey, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, Stephen Hudson, and Aldous Huxley.

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in her novels and in her volume of essays, "The Common Reader"; for intelligence works by the same means, whatever theme may confront it. All the notable English novelists of the past have possessed it; the only contemporary novelist, besides Mrs. Woolf, who has it in a striking degree is Mr. E. M. Forster. Mr. Joyce lacks it completely. He has a powerful, erratic intellect, but it is the differentiated intellect of the artist; it is hardly concerned at all with what is normal, expedient, practicable, but simply with what is, whether it be humanly possible or impossible. Mr. Joyce has objectified magnificently his personal world, but it is not a world in which we could live, and to him that is, indeed, a matter of no concern. Yet it is a matter of the first importance in the actual world, and an imaginative work which ignores it ignores something essential; that work may have truth, but it will not be an approximate image of the truth. Mrs. Woolf's novels are an approximate image of the truth. The world she shows us is not of such vast dimensions as Mr. Joyce's, but it is on a perfect scale: there are all the elements in it that there are in any of the worlds we actually live in, and there is, moreover, a perpetual reference to the world itself, the modern world which looms behind and makes possible our smaller, personal worlds.

Width and justice of comprehension are chiefly necessary in the writer who tries to grasp all these implications and strives to make the picture complete. They were shown in Mrs. Woolf's first novel, "The Voyage Out"; they were shown still more remarkably in "Night and Day." Nothing was more striking in these first two books than the undeviating sobriety of treatment, the absence of facility, the resolve to take all the factors into account and to be just to them all. The convention of the novel is accepted. The author, we feel, has resolved to take the novel as it is, and to make it do all that up to now it has done. In "The Voyage Out" she uses among other methods that of Chekhov. That book is still a little tentative, but "Night and Day," which followed it, remains in some ways the finest of Mrs. Woolf's novels. In depth, in meaning behind meaning, some of the scenes in it are superior to anything else written in our time. The meeting between Denham and Rodney on the Embankment, the description of Katherine's aimless wanderings through London on the evening that she broke her appointment with Denham, the Hilbery household, the delightful but pathetic irrelevancies of Mrs. Hilbery: these, brought intimately together in the book as they would be in life, give us the sense of the rich variety of existence which only Mrs. Woolf's predecessors in the English novel can give. Certain complex effects which were once characteristic of the English novel, effects in which comedy and tragedy jostle, have been almost entirely lost in our time. Sterne was perhaps the first great prose master of them; Scott is full of them; by Dickens they are exploited freely but crudely. The conversation between Bartoline Saddletree and Davie Deans about the trial of Effie is a perfect example of this style; but we find it again and again in Scott; it is an element in almost all his great scenes. Nothing perhaps can give us a stronger sense of the reality of the situation we are reading about than this juxtaposition of the comic and the tragic. We feel that the writer has seen all its aspects, even the most unexpected—that his imagination has not been canalized by the theme but is free and can move as it wills. Intelligence once more, the taking of all the factors into account, produces these imaginative juxtapositions; and in "Night and Day" it is Mrs. Woolf's intelligence that recreates them.

In the small volume of short stories, "Monday or Tuesday," the experimentation with form began which later gave us "Jacob's Room" and "Mrs. Dalloway." It is tentative, but lighter, more buoyant, than anything Mrs. Woolf had written before. "Jacob's Room" was a great advance; its plan was admirable; the recreation of a figure through memories and associations was a suggestive and perfectly valid device. The book contains several beautiful scenes, but it is not sure, like Mrs. Woolf's earlier and like her later work; it has a good deal of the sentimentality which so often comes out of the mind along with a first attempt to express something in it which has not been expressed before. When the artist tries to liberate his essential emotion toward experience, at first he is likely to liberate a great deal more along with it, until in this new kind of expression he learns to distinguish what is essential from what appears so. "Jacob's Room" has a more living quality than Mrs. Woolf's earlier work, but it is less critical. "Mrs. Dalloway" is the most characteristic work Mrs. Woolf has written. It is so unlike "Night and Day" that they can hardly be compared. It has not the earlier book's finely dramatic development, nor its intensity; but it is more organic and in a more living sense it is infinitely more subtle in its means, and it has on all its pages, as "Night and Day" had not, the glow of an indisputable artistic triumph. As a piece of expressive writing there is nothing in contemporary English fiction to rival it. Shades of an evanescence which one might have thought uncapturable, visual effects so fine that the eye does not take them in, that only in the memory are guessed at from the impression they leave in passing, exquisitely graded qualities of sound, of emotion, of reverie are in Mrs. Woolf's prose not merely dissected but imaginatively reconstructed. All that in the earlier novels was analyzed is resolved in "Mrs. Dalloway" into evocative images. There is nothing left of the stubborn explanatory machinery of the analytical novel; the material upon which the author works is the same as before, but it has all been sublimated, and, although the psychology is subtle and exact, no trace remains of the psychologist.

> Quiet descended upon her, calm, content, as her needle, drawing the silk smoothly to its gentle pause, collected the green folds together and attached them, very lightly, to the belt. So on a summer's day waves collect, overbalance, and fall; collect and fall; and the whole world seems to be saying "that is all" more and more ponderously, until even the heart in the body which lies in the sun on the beach says, too, That is all. Fear no more, says the heart. Fear no more, says the heart, committing its burden to some sea, which sighs collectively for all sorrows, and renews, begins, collects, lets fall. And the body alone listens to the passing bee; the wave breaking; the dog barking, far away barking and barking.

While Mrs. Woolf is describing the falling of the waves, we never forget Clarissa sewing. The greater rhythm as it were accompanies the less, and it brings into the room where Clarissa is sitting its serenity and spaciousness. There is something in the ritual of sewing, a memory of another rhythm buried deep within it, which an image such as this, so unexpected, so remote, reveals to us. The rhythm of the prose is exquisitely graded; it has profited, one feels, as prose may, whether poetry may or not, from the experi-

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ments which have been made in vers libre; in the daring and fulness of the metaphors it has a remote indebtedness to Homer. There is no English prose at present, except Mr. Joyce's, which in subtlety and resource can be compared with it.

In a novel like "Mrs. Dalloway," where the sensory impressions are so concretely evoked and are so much more immediate than they were before, a sort of rearrangement of the elements of experience insensibly takes place. In the traditional novel we have on the one hand the characters and on the other the background, each existing in a separate dimension, and the one generally more solid than the other. Sometimes the environment reacts strikingly on the characters, as for instance in "Wuthering Heights" and in Mr. Hardy's Wessex novels, but the reaction is not complex and continuous. It is indicated rather than treated, and the character and the background retain their peculiar values. But in "Mrs. Dalloway" they are more intimately connected; the one merges into the other; the character is suffused with the emanations of the things he sees, hears, feels; and almost inevitably what is presented is a complex of life of which character and background are elements and are both animate, rather than the living character stalking among inanimate things. The characters in "Mrs. Dalloway" are real; they have their drama; but the day and the properties of the day move with them, have their drama too; and we do not know which is the more real where all is real—whether the characters are bathed in the emanations of the day or the day colored by the minds of the characters. The result is less akin to anything else attempted in the novel than to certain kinds of poetry, to poetry such as Wordsworth's, which records not so much a general judgment of life as a moment of serene illumination, a state of soul. What nature is in "The Excursion" London is in "Mrs. Dalloway," a living presence, a source of deep pleasure. The mood in which this presence is felt is perhaps the farthest removed from the dramatic, realistic mood. In "Night and Day" the chief thing is the action of the characters upon one another; in "Mrs. Dalloway" it is their intimate daily life with all the things which make it up and have reference only to themselves, but which are nevertheless more certainly their being than their actions are. Mrs. Woolf is not concerned in "Mrs. Dalloway" with the character, which is shown in action, in crises (and novels are consequently full of crises), but with the state of being. To give it its value she catches it at a particularly fortunate moment, at a moment of realization; but the means are justified and are, indeed, the normal means of art.

"The Common Reader," in which Mrs. Woolf's mind deals with figures familiar to us all, shows it perhaps at its best. Her themes range from Chaucer to Conrad, from George Eliot to the Duchess of Newcastle, and in them all she shows abundantly the intelligence and practicality of temper of the critic. She has the informed enthusiasm which criticism should never lack, but which is tending to disappear from it; her judgments have admirable breadth. The one important quality of the critic which she lacks is the power of wide and illuminating generalization. She holds the scales even, as she does between her characters in "Night and Day"; she uses her sensibility as she uses it in "Jacob's Room" and "Mrs. Dalloway." It is the same mind, and we never doubt its competence to deal with anything which it fixes upon.

In the Driftway

THERE is something pathetically human in the request of the Spanish Government that Mexico return the bones of Hernando Cortes for burial in his native land. A fat lot Spain cared about Cortes when he was alive, or he about her. But four centuries after his conquest of Mexico, his name having acquired high eminence if not unqualified esteem with posterity, the descendants of those who once looked upon his living face with a cold and clammy eye want to heap flowers and banners and inscriptions over his crumbled bones—or what they imagine to be such.

* * * * *

THE Drifter confesses more than a passing admiration for Cortes. No doubt he was a liar, a trickster, and a blackguard. He was ruthless, cruel, and bloodthirsty in his betrayal of Montezuma and his destruction of the Aztec civilization. Yet he was one of the world's great adventurers, as admirable a scoundrel as his age produced. He had an unflagging courage and a splendid audacity. He did not acquire his reputation, as many do now, merely by growing fat in the head or the pocketbook. He was a man for whom even the civilization of fifteenth-century Spain was too tame and too respectable. The Drifter has just been looking him up in the encyclopedias—having been advised by a friend to find out a few details about Cortes before discussing his career too extensively. One authority states that he was expelled from the University of Salamanca because of "his penchant for the fair sex," while another says "his superabundant animal spirits and unrestrained passions for the fair sex cut short his university career." He left Spain because his fellow-citizens regarded him as a scapegrace and a bounder. In Cuba his fighting abilities commended him to the Governor. Yet the latter trusted Cortes so little that after putting him in charge of the expedition that was to set out against Mexico the Governor decided to supersede him. Cortes became the conqueror of Mexico only by getting up sail and putting to sea before the Governor could carry out his plan. Even in his later years, after he had lost his hold in Mexico, returned to Spain, and sunk his fortune in the expedition of Charles V against Algiers, his courage and audacity did not desert him. Spurned at court, he stopped the carriage of His Majesty in the street one day, and when the latter coldly inquired "Who the devil are you?"—or words to that effect—Cortes replied: "I am a man who has gained you more provinces that your father left you towns."

* * * * *

IT appears that the poor bones of Cortes have already been shifted six times. He was first buried near Seville, but in conformity with his will his remains were later taken to Mexico. There they have been moved five times, in the last instance secretly to prevent a mob from smashing the tomb. It's not certain that anybody knows now where the conqueror of Mexico is interred. The Drifter would prefer it so. He sees no reason why this outcast of his own generation should be made the center of a silly nationalist demonstration by today's smug officialdom. But whoever else cares, it is certain that Cortes doesn't. To that great adventurer another sea voyage, more or less, is of no consequence.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

First Aid to the Senile

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I commend the following quotations from William Kay Wallace's "The Passing of Politics" to your "liberal" readers:

> Liberalism may be termed an effort to reform existing institutions which are growing senile. . . . Liberalism is at best a futile doctrine, a sort of social anaesthetic. . . . Liberal movements attract men of high personal worth, and of natural conservative tendencies, who nevertheless represent themselves as on the side of the new order, when in point of fact they do more than their so-called conservative opponents to delay its advent.

This from a scientific writer on history and political evolution! I commend his book to all *Nation* readers.

Menlo Park, California, June 8 WILLIAM T. BROWN

Learning to Live

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why all the excitement about teaching a girl how to take care of a baby? Why is it left to a college to provide courses in anything so elemental? And if it is now necessary to teach such things to grown women, why is it that there are not similar courses in the colleges for men? Men need it as much as the women.

It seems to me an unqualified indictment of our public (and private) school system that those essential acquirements upon which all happy and efficient communal life is based should be a subject for a college curriculum and their appearance hailed as a progressive innovation. Our educational system appears to be based on the assumption that the minor tools of life are an end in themselves—learning to make satisfactory adjustments for a happy life in a complicated civilization is left to chance and to such experience as may be gained at home. The trouble is that too many homes are mere dormitories and restaurants on a small scale and the school absorbs such a large proportion of the time and energy of the pupils that there is no chance for the child to acquire any other knowledge.

Perhaps the new Vassar department of euthenics is a step in the right direction. But as long as the educational world looks upon "learning to live" as an elective curricular department for nearly grown students, so long will our schools be damned for their inefficiency and the highroad of life be clogged by crowds of unhappy people traveling to and from the divorce courts.

Of one thing I am sure: My own children, none of whom are in their teens yet, are not going to need a course in enthenics when they get to college even though they may never be able to repeat the multiplication table backward or give the names of the Presidents in their chronological order.

Tulsa, Oklahoma, June 7 CLARENCE R. LONG

The "Old Negro" as Artist

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Lately Negro art has become a fetish among the intelligentsia. Of a sudden it has been discovered that the Negro in his singing of hymns has created the American music, that what he has been singing for fifty years were not simple, ordinary, and ofttimes trite hymns but "spirituals."

So the Negro has come to be called the "New Negro" as if he had been a woefully inadequate being, now suddenly transformed and renovated into a new and better member of American society. And the leaders of the Negro race have given their sanction to this term, accepting it as a mark of distinction.

The Negro has been a negligible factor so far as painting and sculpture are concerned. As a writer of fiction there are as yet no great achievements to his credit. His originality has been manifested in the spirituals which represent the most distinctly original contribution of the Negro to American art. Yet the creator of these spirituals was the "Old Negro"—the plantation type. This new Negro is having laurels placed upon his brow that do not belong to him.

New York, May 17 MORGAN MAYO

Marquette College Admits Negroes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article on Negroes in College, which appeared in the March 3 issue of *The Nation*, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois is in error in his paragraph pertaining to Catholic colleges. The writer states that "of the Catholic colleges only Fordham and Detroit admit Negroes."

It might interest you and your readers to know that Marquette University admits students on the basis of fitness to pursue university work without reference to their race, religion, or nationality. Included in our total enrolment of almost 5,000 there are some Negroes—just a few, but some.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, March 9 EDMUND S. CARPENTER

When Liberty Should Stop

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Chicago *Tribune*, in its editorial columns, takes issue with the American Civil Liberties Union, contending that exposition of so-called dangerous social and economic doctrines should be checked by legislation before they reach the point of or result in overt acts detrimental to stable government.

It is interesting to note the opinion of the court, in the case of the will of Mrs. Eddy, involving the propagation of Christian Science (83 Atlantic 916):

> Mrs. Eddy had the constitutional right to entertain such opinions as she chose, and to make a religion of them, and to teach them to all others: and their rights of belief are as extensive as hers. Her legal right to teach was not ended with her death. She might dispose of her property by a gift in public charity "for any use that is not illegal." Whether her opinions are theologically true "the court are not competent to decide." To suffer the civil magistrate to intrude his powers into the field of opinion, and to restrain the profession or propagation of principles on supposition of their ill tendency, is a dangerous fallacy which at once destroys all religious liberty; . . . it is time enough, for the rightful purposes of civil government, for its officers to interfere *when principles break out into overt acts* against peace and good order.

And this, mind you, issuing from a court at a time when presumably judicial minds were ultra-conservative!

Chicago, Illinois, May 20 WILLIAM M. GARVEY

Eton College—Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to reply to Mr. Roger M. B. Micholls's letter published in your issue of April 6? He says Eton College was not founded by some grateful native of long ago but by King Henry VI "for the sons of poor clergymen." Henry VI was an imbecile and diseased, and eighteen years of age when his name was used on the charter. The dukes of Gloucester and Bedford had governed the country up to that time, as the king was only nine months old when his dissolute father died. In the previous reign the endowments of alien priories had been seized, among these 180 acres

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of land in the metropolis which includes Eton. (See Cardinal Gasquet's voluminous works on pre-Reformation history.) The school was financed out of these endowments with the approval of the Pope as an act of partial restitution in deference to the popular outcry. The charter of September, 1440, automatically issued in the name of Henry VI, provided for the education of "25 poor and indigent scholars by 10 priests whose duty was to give instruction in grammar without payment." Thus the endowment was actually by grateful natives of long ago, although the technical founding was in the name of Henry VI. (I should have used the word endowed rather than founded.)

The endowments of alien priories had hitherto been used for educating parish priests, of whom there was a great dearth since the Black Death, and Eton College was to continue this work. Any competent historian knows that parish priests were chosen from the poor and indigent for well-understood reasons. The number of scholars was later increased to seventy. Today it is 1,100.

But the provision was certainly not made "for the sons of poor clergymen," as Mr. Micholls alleges, because there were no "clergymen" at that date, only "clergy," and they were celibate. Apparently, Mr. Micholls has mistranslated his Latin. Catholic priests are addressed as "father" and the poor and indigent are their adopted children. That is a very different thing from "sons of poor clergymen." The number of important positions and offices occupied by old Etonians is sufficient evidence of the wealth and influence of their parents—careers booked in advance—which was my point in comparing the school to Antioch College. The solitary tradesman whose son was a contemporary of Mr. Micholls (one against 1,099 oppidans) was apparently sufficiently wealthy to pay the charges which bring up the bill from £6, the school fee, to more than £200, the charge for boarders. (It was £194 without pocket-money in my time, which ended twenty-five years ago.) That is scarcely a "poor and indigent scholar."

Oakland, California, April 13 EDGAR SUMMERTON

Help Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am hunting for some dialogues—from plays—which can effectively be enacted by two young men. I have found some in a few of O'Neill's plays, but the characters there portrayed possess a force and dialect which we cannot well imitate. "What Price Glory" contains some delicious and spicy tidbits. But since this play is not yet in print we would appreciate suggestions from your readers.

Philadelphia, June 7 PHILIP BAGDON

Higginson and *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While browsing among my autograph letters recently I was interested in finding this letter from Thomas Wentworth Higginson, written to me in February, 1890. It is certainly of interest in these days when so many diverse opinions of what constitutes true literary criticism are prevalent.

> The only way to find contemporary criticism on Lowell's art would be to look in the newspapers of the time, but it was certainly received at once (for I was there) with the same admiration since inspired. Howells reviewed his "Three Memorial Poems," including his ode in *Atlantic Monthly*, XXXLX, 374.
>
> I think Lowell is undoubtedly our best critic, but he is not as remarkable for a judicial spirit as for penetration and wealth of thought. However, his "Democracy and other Essays" shows that time has mellowed him. He was brought up at a time (the Poe period) when people believed in vehement and even in retaliatory criticism, and his treatment of Margaret Fuller in A Fable for Critics was unfair because personal and retaliatory. He was also cruelly unfair to Thoreau. But as I say, he has mellowed, and none of our writers equal him in wealth and penetration.
>
> Stedman seems to me to come next to him. Howells, charming writer as he is, has not the judicial temper and wants also that thorough early training and wide knowledge of literature that are the real basis of criticism. I think the average criticism of *The Nation* is now better than that of any English periodical, and *The Nation* has the advantage that it never spares its own contributors, which all London periodicals do.
>
> One great function of criticism is to help the author to distinguish between his good things and his poor ones, which he himself often cannot do. I know that I cannot after many years of writing. Sainte-Beuve in French is perhaps the best model of a critic, far better than Arnold in English, because more mature and dispassionate. Still I think that Arnold's "Essays in Criticism" remain the best English model.

VIOLA PRICE FRANKLIN, Reference Librarian
Willamette University, Salem, Oregon, April 27

Dating "Royal Highness"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thomas Mann, the eminent German author, asks you to kindly insert the following remarks relative to Joseph Wood Krutch's review of his novel "Royal Highness," which appeared in one of your issues:

> I am greatly indebted to both *The Nation* and its brilliant critic Joseph Wood Krutch for his very kind reference to my book "Royal Highness." At the same time I should like to correct a slight chronological error which has occurred to your critic and which tends to put this novel in a somewhat wrong light. Not *after* the war but five years earlier this book appeared, four years before the novel "Death in Venice" and fifteen years before the "Zauberberg," of which latter book an English version is now being prepared. To read "Royal Highness" as a post-war book would be to misunderstand its satirical and fairy-tale-like character.

Munich, May 25 TH. ENGELMANN

In Memory of Joseph Conrad

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been asked by Canon Ashton-Gwatkin of Bishopsbourne, where Joseph Conrad lived and died, to get as much publicity as possible for the appeal for a memorial to that great author. I am sure that the columns of *The Nation* will be hospitable to this appeal and that many American readers and admirers of Conrad will be glad to have some part in the erection of this simple but fitting memorial.

The scale of the memorial will depend on the funds available for the purpose; but the scheme at present favored locally is the addition to the present village-hall (in the construction of which Conrad took great interest) of a bowling green for the village, and of a wide porch, or loggia, with comfortable wooden seats for the general use of Bishopsbourne people—a kind of informal village center, such as might have provided an opening chapter for one of Conrad's own stories. The scheme has received the complete approval of his family and trustees. The cost is roughly estimated at £250. A suitable inscription will, of course, be placed in the porch; and perhaps, if funds allow, a medallion plaque of the great writer.

May I add that I shall be happy to receive, convert into English exchange, and forward any contributions which may be sent to me in care of the Guaranty Trust Company, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, New York City?

New York, April 19 ELBRIDGE L. ADAMS

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Books

Lothrop, Montana

By WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

The cottonwoods, the boy-trees,
Imberbe—the clean, green, central bodies
Standing apart, freely, freely, but trammeled;
With the branches inter-resting—for support,
Never for caressing, except the wind blow.
And yet, leaning so fearfully into one another,
The leaves so pensile, so tremulously hung, as they lean toward one another;
Unable to strain farther into one another
And be apart:
Held back where in the earth their secret roots
Wrap one about another, interstruggle and knot; the vital filaments
Writhing in struggle; heavy, fibrous, underearthen life,
From which the sap mounts filling those trembling leaves
Of the boy-trees, the cottonwoods.

The Great Queen

Letters of Queen Victoria: 1862-1878. Longmans, Green and Company. Second Series, Vols. I and II. $15.

THE long sheltered life of Queen Victoria made her something of a mystery-woman. This partly accounts for the interest attaching to Mr. Lytton Strachey's brilliant portraiture and to the revelations in the "Life of King Edward VII." The present selection from her correspondence and journals between the years 1862 and 1878 will have a steadying influence upon the popular judgment of her character. She had no qualities of greatness, physical, intellectual, or moral, nor any very marked defects. But she had a distinctive personality, a strong, limited intelligence, great industry, and conscientiousness in the performance of such queenly duties as she chose to undertake. Full of prepossessions and prejudices, she was insistent and censorious in her judgment both of private and public affairs. These volumes will help to demolish the carefully cultivated pretense that monarchy plays a negligible part in the public life and policy of Britain. For while it may not be true that any great determinant act of England, in internal or foreign policy, during this period can be attributed to the royal will, the accumulative effect of her influence upon public appointments, foreign relations, and even domestic legislation is seen to be considerable. Where there is a sharp difference with ministers she often gives way; but she often gets her own back later on. When one realizes how much the government of a country depends upon the personnel of its officials, the discussions of preferment to high places in church or state which occupy many of these pages assume great importance. The Queen never forgot that she was "Head" of the English church, and her theological position, broadening with years from a rather narrow Evangelicism, was deeply impressed upon the episcopal and diaconal government of the church. Her somewhat puritanical morals revolted against any proposal to confer "honors" upon a man of tainted reputation, however noble his family, however strong his political claims. Her not unreasonable revolt against the dissolute traditions of her predecessors on the throne made her somewhat of a martinet in her family and Court, and her attempts to curb the lighter proclivities of "Bertie" (the Prince of Wales) sometimes evoke an unintended humor, as, for example, when she seeks to obtain a promise to limit his attendance at Ascot races to two days out of four.

The virtual withdrawal of Victoria from all public appearances for many years of her widowhood not only was a source of great unpopularity but caused grave inconvenience to her ministers, who were frequently called to her distant residences at Balmoral and Osborne because she refused to stay in London even when ministerial crises were impending. On all matters of personal dignity she was most sensitive, and she had frequent spars with ministers for failing to submit dispatches or to consult her upon legislative proposals. It cannot be said that she was on easy terms with any of her Prime Ministers except Lord Melbourne in her youth and Lord Beaconsfield in her age. With Palmerston she was constantly bickering; of Lord Russell she had hardly a good word even when he died; Gladstone during the greater part of his long career she disliked, partly because he addressed her "like a public meeting" and partly because of his disestablishment, Home Rule, pro-Russian, and Majuba policies.

A large part of this correspondence is concerned with the intricacies of Continental politics (the Franco-German War of 1870 and the Russo-Turkish struggle serving as pivots), and sheds some useful light upon the ticklish problems of isolation and intervention. Few Englishmen now realize how nearly we were drawn into war with Prussia over Schleswig-Holstein, with America in 1862, with Russia in 1876. During the entire period the Queen's influence was generally on the side of peace, largely from sympathy with Germany, to which she was so closely attached by birth and marriage. Though bitter diatribes against the unscrupulousness of Bismarck are contained in the spirited letters from her daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia, no inkling of the part played by Bismarck's tampering with the Ems telegram appears to have reached the Queen or her daughter. Here is an interesting entry from the Journal, 27th January, 1866: "Dear little William's birthday. May God preserve him and may he grow up good, clever, and liberal-minded in his views, worthy of his beloved grandpapa, who was so anxious about him, and that he should not grow up into a 'conceited Prussian.'" Though the Queen was personally friendly to Napoleon, and sympathized deeply with the misfortunes of the Emperor and Empress driven into exile, she remained most persistent in regarding Germany as our "natural ally" and in doing everything possible to influence British policy in this direction.

The latter part of this correspondence develops a powerful imperialist sentiment and a violent Russophobia, both in large measure the work of that astute statesman whose ascendancy over her mind became more complete with every year he held office. Disraeli with his imaginative sympathy knew how to distinguish a woman from a public meeting. In the very content of his official letters little indications of personal flattery and affection appear, and with further acquaintance they blossom into gorgeous tributes. But it was not words only that he dispensed. The conception of "Empress of India" was his, and it was he more than any other who laid the foundation of the sentimental imperialism which has grown into so grave a menace in the modern relations of Britain with her colonies and dependencies. The connection of this enthusiasm with the violent anti-Russian feeling of the late seventies is obvious. Our Eastern policy is a plain register of our fears of Russia. The very title "Jingoism" was begotten of this fear and a fighting determination that "the Russians shall not have Constantinople." We were ready to condone Bulgarian and other atrocities of the Turks in order to preserve a bulwark for our Egyptian policy, itself primarily a safeguard for the road to India; our wild Afghan tactics were dictated by the same fear. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Crown Princess are shown as eager for England to plunge into war with Russia. "Not a *minute* should be lost," writes Victoria in July, 1877. "We shall have to fight for our own interests when it is too late."

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It cannot be said that these letters exhibit any genuine statecraft. Always the Queen is driven by feelings or by the supposed interests of her family. The personal factor is ever dominant, and those have most influence with her who know how to play upon it. In her young widowhood it is her dear Uncle Leopold of Belgium who feeds her passionate sorrow with repeated references to "our beloved Angel" (the dead Prince Consort). Various clergymen knew how to "manage" her, but nobody so well as the beloved Jew who remodeled English conservatism and furnished its inert body with a new spirit. Few American readers will have the patience to wade through the whole of this extensive correspondence. But it will have its proper place in all good reference libraries, and students of political history will find a good many rays of light shed upon dark points of diplomacy. JOHN A. HOBSON

A Southern Liberal

The Advancing South. By Edwin Mims. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.

IN the present volume, whose optimistic title is hardly justified by its contents, have been collected a series of essays upon a variety of subjects which range all the way from industrial development to academic freedom and newspaper policy. The author, now head of the Department of English at Vanderbilt University, has taught in Southern universities for a generation and, perhaps because of that fact, he is a moderate in all things. Not blind to the backwardness of the South, he is nevertheless willing to find great promise in small things, and the most cautious of his fellow-liberals could hardly accuse him of wishing to carry anything too far. Sufficiently conservative in religion to look askance at the radicalism of a Percy Grant and sufficiently conservative in letters to fear that Miss Frances Newman has "gone too far from Georgia," he seems often in danger of casting doubts upon the validity of his own thesis by the pride which he takes in the very mild illustrations of liberal thought or artistic ability which he is able to adduce. The list of men who are, like Mr. Cabell, really distinguished in literature, or who are, like Julian and Julia Harris, really conspicuous in their courage is quickly exhausted; and he is compelled to fall back on clergymen who stand out rather because of the background of Candlers than because of their own merits, or upon litterateurs who would hardly be singled out for praise were they not representatives of a rare species. A society in which Underwood is a conspicuous liberal and Henry Sydnor Harrison a notable novelist may be advancing, but it still has a long way to go and it is measuring itself by standards which are in themselves a confession of its backwardness.

Nor, indeed, does Professor Mims deny this fact. Drawing, for example, upon a study recently made of the use of books in North Carolina, he points out that the thirty-five public libraries in the State contain only one book for each twelve people, that there is only one newspaper for every 13.5 inhabitants of the State, and that "the comparison is just as bad in the statistics of subscribers to such popular periodicals as the *Literary Digest*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*." The South has no publishing house and no general magazine of national circulation; when it does read it must get its books or magazines from the outside, and when, on the other hand, it manages to establish a periodical of genuine importance like the *Journal of Social Forces*, it must depend for its support upon the two-thirds of its subscribers who are not native rather than upon the one-third who are. Thus, whether it creates or consumes, it is parasitic upon other regions since it can supply neither its readers with writings nor its writers with readers.

Here and there a college will stand nobly for its rights as Vanderbilt University did at the time of the anti-evolution agitation, but another will crawl as the University of Tennessee did upon the same occasion in the most craven and hypocritical servility. And what it lacks most of all is courage, for the number of its citizens whose knowledge is reasonably sound and whose opinions are reasonably enlightened is much greater than the number of those who are willing to stand by their knowledge or opinion. There are too many Southerners whose boasted loyalty, whether it be a cloak for cowardice or a mistaken principle, makes them loyal to everything except truth. They will stand by their country, their traditions, their alma mater, their chamber of commerce, or their political party, but for some reason or other they are more likely than not to find a good reason for not standing by their convictions.

Professor Mims does not, so it seems to me, lay sufficient stress upon the one fact which more than any other has crippled the advance of the South, and that is the constant drainage away into the East of those who might come to be her intellectual aristocracy. Whoever wishes to obtain a first-rate professional training in any art, science, or profession is obliged to go somewhere else to get it, and once he is away he has nearly every inducement to stay away. To come back is to separate himself from the best laboratories, the best libraries, and the best markets for everything that is not material, and it is, moreover, to expose himself to the risk, great everywhere but greatest in the South, that his activities will be interfered with by some benighted force, whether it be a meddling clergy, a cowardly college president, or an illiberal public opinion. If he is interested chiefly in education in its broadest sense his home country may call him, but if he is interested chiefly in doing the best possible work in art or science he will stay where those things most flourish and are most regarded. Were the South an isolated community, relatively remote from regions more advanced, there is no reason to suppose that it would not in the course of a very short time work out its own salvation and produce its indigenous culture; but most of the conspicuous talent is drained away as fast as it appears. How long that condition will last no one can say. It will last at least until the most ambitious men can find training at home as good as any they can find abroad, and until they are as welcome in the South as they are elsewhere. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The People of Youth

The Great Valley. By Mary Johnston. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

IN reading this book one remembers the days when one was sure one knew people. Not that one imagined they could never grow or never change, or that there might not be undiscovered countries behind those faces, but that essentially one knew them for what essentially they were. The days, in short, of personalities, instead of reflexes, livers, instincts, or complexes. Soon, of course, sophistication arrives, mounting in every generation a different thesis. Long before personality disintegrated under the assaults of complexes and inhibitions it had been broken into tiny bits by the pre-Freudian psychologists. With sophistication the observer finds that he knows much more about people, but that he knows people less well, so that often as he thinks back over the people he has known he feels that he really knows well only those he knew in youth, that he owned then some precious divining-rod that has since slipped out of his hands.

One knows the people of Miss Johnston's latest novel as one knew the people of one's youth. They are as far away as the people of one's youth seem today, as relatively unexciting, and as real. Yet Miss Johnston is far from being naive or ignorant. She has passed through sophistication. And because she has passed through it she cannot even be angry with the bigots who make rough the way of her Scotch idealist who in his search for freedom of conscience has taken his family to the bountiful wilderness of the valley of the Shenandoah. A

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book that is beyond anger fails to make us catch our breath with excitement. Yet something of the joy of wresting from the wilderness shelter and food and place communicates itself to the reader through these slow-moving, wise pages. Of course bigotry and self-seeking spring up again as the settlements flourish, and John Selkirk must move on into the wilderness. Of course, like all silly idealists, he is undone. The war against which he has preached comes to overwhelm him and his, and those whom he has befriended kill him. But they do not kill the spirit of justice and understanding that was his.

Young, rash books such as "To Have and to Hold" for excitement, sophisticated books for sophisticated thrills, and an old, wise, slow-moving book like this for understanding.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Action and Art

The Dance Over Fire and Water. By Elie Faure. Harper and Brothers. $3.

M. FAURE'S method of expression may be classed with that of the great poet Friedrich Nietzsche. In saying this I do not intend to give the impression that I undervalue the originality of the Frenchman, who probably possesses one of the most daring intellects in Europe today. To read a work by Elie Faure is to have the darkened down-trodden highway of human history illumined by flashes of forked lightning.

What, then, is his final word upon the human situation? As Bertrand Russell would have us take as our watchword "unyielding despair," so Elie Faure would have us know well that we do not conquer our true reality except in those rare hours when in a blinding flash of consciousness we have the power to comprehend with a gay and irresponsible comprehension our own terrible destiny. And he would have us believe that this blessed emancipation, this desperate spiritual insight, comes only to the nations through their artists and only to the artists through the agony and bloody sweat of the nations. Out of this evil friction of wars alone can spring the clear flame of beauty. There is apparently no escape from this appalling recurrence; tyranny succeeds slavery and slavery tyranny as seed-time the harvest. "This is the systole and the diastole of the heart, which always beats somewhere in space, the formidable common heart of the dead, and living, and those not yet born." "I tell you truly," he cries in the oracular manner of his master, "the Holy Spirit is art itself tending to realize itself." But so inert and apathetic in his opinion is the spirit of man that it requires the shock of bloodshed to let loose "the necessary enthusiasm to confront life and demand from it its secret."

Not without a suspicion of special pleading he constructs his case from the record of the past, showing as best he may how each age of social or national upheaval has been the hotbed out of which have sprung the finest achievements of the human imagination. "The important thing," he affirms, "is to set passions free. The drama is everything, the cause of the drama nothing." But what about the idea of progress, that notion so favored by our generation? Elie Faure believes in no aesthetic or moral progress. He is willing to concede that there has been a certain scientific progress, but that is all. With a civilized Frenchman's sense of the true values of life he says: "The telephone is annoying, but it is not useless for giving or returning some love rendezvous." For the rest he makes sport of us for wishing "to inflict upon the unfolding future the form of our most immediate interests, our most candid idealism, and our most infantile credulity." What has this monstrous "systole and diastole of the heart, which beats somewhere in space," unimpeded and inevitable as some fatal hydraulic ram, to do with such pretty schoolroom fancies? Of religion he writes: "Every collective belief of a sentimental kind is a moral slavery because one yields up one's critical faculties"; and with regard to morality he urges us to rid our minds of childish conceptions. "It is necessary to convince oneself that only force is moral."

Many of us are ready enough to believe that the idea of progress is a pathetic illusion, but as to this matter of revolutions and counter-revolutions being essential to the highest imaginative consciousness of man, I for one cannot stomach it. Even after Monsieur's most eloquent passages I still feel unconvinced that artistic expression depends for its élan on violence and tumult. It seems to me that art has always been, and will always be, profoundly detached from life as it manifests itself in the transitory political struggles of each era. Art that implicates itself may safely be ignored. Whether Revolutionary or Imperial it is official, and on that account alone is meretricious. I find myself here in complete accord with Roger Fry, who in his "Vision and Design" has said: "Under certain conditions the rhythms of life and of art may coincide with great effect on both; but in the main the two rhythms are distinct, and as often as not play against each other."

The fact is that such propositions are capable of sustaining arguments of an exactly opposite kind with equal plausibility. It could be asserted, for example, that the passionate intensity incident to personal intercourse between human beings under the shadow of eternity has at all times been sufficient to stir up the souls of men to see God. Not the carnage of battlefields alone teaches the artist to concentrate upon his own "interior life with poignant attention." Consider, for example, how the greatest period in the history of English literature came after the Wars of the Roses, when under the strong rule of the Tudors there was peace and prosperity in the land. Consider the genius of M. Faure's own compatriot, Marcel Proust, perhaps the most distinguished artist of our age: is it not grotesque to imagine that his chameleon-like sensitiveness, taking its color from each delicately shaded leaf of life's foliage, required any stimulus from the crude barbarism of the World War?

"Scientific progress is not civilization." That is the simple statement which, try as we may, we children of industrialism seem incapable of understanding. The acquisitive impulse, work divorced from the natural processes of nature, the pernicious infection of futile minds that live without understanding—of such is our damnation. Culture, the daughter of passion and curiosity, is ever the fair handmaid of leisure. Work, that necessary evil, is a horrible monster ever lying in wait to ravish these children of light in the dimness of a cave.

It is charmingly characteristic of the unrestricted temper of Elie Faure's mind that he should declare that Charlie Chaplin has influenced him more than anybody after Montaigne, Cervantes, and Dostoevski. This fiery philosopher looks upon the comic shuffling side steps of the little mummer "with his shoes, his little hat, and his cane" and takes his exhibition of heart-breaking gaiety as a token of the attitude appropriate to man. With the eye of genius he sees in each skip and gesture "the mute agreement which the metaphysical contemplation reveals between the sentimental sorrow of man and the indifferent laughter of God."

LLEWELYN POWYS

The Art of Thobbing

Thobbing. By Henshaw Ward. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

IF you take the first letters of three words, think, opine, and believe, you enrich the language by a new word—thob. It is not a noun, however, but a verb. To thob, according to its inventor, is "to *think* out the *opinion* that pleases us, and then to *believe* it." Thobbing is thus, in terms of Shaw, the use of reason to support prejudice, or just plain logic-chopping. It covers on analysis practically the entire field of human thought save in the realms of science and of art. Our author makes a noble inventory of the thobbing implicit in philosophy, ethics, pedagogy, radicalism, conservatism, psychology, economics, sociology, religion, morals, law, and methodology. It is not, if you please, a smart-alec inventory; it is,

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on the whole, a very impressive inventory. He points out with a justice altogether compelling that almost without exception none of the pronouncements or the "laws" of these triumphs of the human intellect will bear analysis in the way that the conclusions of physics, chemistry, and biology will bear analysis. They escape any quantitative test; the findings of one competent observer cannot be checked by another; no solid ground of common acceptance is ever accumulated. The logic is unimpeachable, but it is pure logic, untouched with the vulgar realities of human life as it is lived on this planet; a logic which moves in the great and awesome spirals of the mind. Thus the history of philosophy is but the capsizing of system A by system B, and of system B by system C. The brilliance of the system-makers is beyond compare, but where are the common data of philosophy? Have we gained an inch since Plato? Has philosophy ever explained anything; or made life more tolerable here below? It has not. Instead of kittens chasing their tails, men of incredible scholarship have chased their thoughts. Round and round the Absolute the noble words have run. These words have been drawn from combinations among the nine billion brain cells in the cerebellum of which the permutations and combinations are, for all intents and purposes, infinite. These words are based on very little observation of the living world outside, and on no quantitative measurement of that world whatsoever.

If you ask a scientist about heredity he will tell you of Mendel's experiments and the important qualifications of Mendel's sweet-pea law. If you ask a philosopher he will start the nine billion reverberating, and probably tell you something about the Eternal Flux.

And so with ethics. The only man who has come within firing distance of defining right from wrong is Sumner of Yale, who, after unheard-of labor in observing the world outside, concluded that right was that behavior which at a given time and place was sanctioned by the mores, and that wrong was any behavior not so sanctioned. This is a usable principle, and thus an anthropologist has taught us more about ethics than all the thobbing professors since and including Aristotle.

And so with economics, sociology, and the rest of the social "sciences." Psychology, with the advent of behaviorism, is turning from the impossible task of introspection into its own mental processes to a measurement of the world outside. As a result most of the carefully classified "instincts" of the stomach-spinning school seem to be headed for the waste-basket. Our author even looks with a sour eye on the net results of the behaviorists to date—he catches Watson in some high-handed thobbery—but he at least recognizes that if psychology is ever to become a genuine science it must choose the quantitative path of the laboratory. And he detects, shrewdly enough, the absence of thobbery in Wesley C. Mitchell's quantitative approach to economics. He touches Mitchell's shoulder for an instant with a sword bloody from the heads of Kant, Hegel, Wundt, McDougall, and even poor John Dewey.

Yes, the blood of the great men he has decapitated would choke the Cloaca Maxima. A consummate ass, you tell me. Who is this whippersnapper who would set himself up to judge, etc., etc.? Patience. Much depends on the character of the judging. Before the intellectual and logical capacities of these great minds he stands abashed and humble. The least of them, he admits, can outreason him ten to one. All he does is to inquire mildly and curiously for three hundred pages: Where is the quantitative proof? And of course there isn't any. Practically all human reasoning (except in the physical sciences) which deals with general principles is almost pure thobbing in that there is no known method for checking it up. It may be noble, inspiring, elevating, brilliant, poetic, altogether beautiful; but it is incapable of verification. It stands shimmering in the sky until effaced by the next geyser of logic . . . and the next . . . and the next. There is no fault to be found with it, any more than there is fault to be found with playing crossword puzzles. Both give the nine billion employment.

Such is my rather thobistical report on thobbing. I now turn the searchlight of its import upon my own mental processes. When it comes to making the world over, I am no mean thobber myself. Such problems I do not attack primarily because I am curious about them, because I really want to know the truth wherever it may lead, but because the present state of affairs is emotionally repugnant to me, because I have a prejudice in favor of the poor against the rich, because I want to haul down the mighty from their seats, because . . . a hundred good thobbing reasons. But Mr. Ward brings me up short. How about breaking the vicious circle of promoting the Uplift by thobbing (which to date has got us precisely nowhere), and really getting down to the job of being curious in the scientific sense about man and society? How about observing the world outside, measuring the world outside, and, however slowly, building a body of verifiable data on which men may some day lay the foundations for the Great Society? Good enough. But, my fellow-Uplifters, could we face the fact, if it should so turn out, that the Great Society was a biological impossibility? God knows it would be the most devastating, the most terrible fact to face which I can conceive of. In that awful hour would I cry: "Take your naked blade of science and give me back my colored balloons of thobbery"?

This book rocks the brain. You had better leave it alone.

STUART CHASE

Why We Are Rich

The Secret of High Wages. By Bertram Austin and W. Francis Lloyd. Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

THIS little book tries to tell Englishmen why we are rich and they are poor. Coming from two young English engineers, it is a welcome addition to the literature of peace as well as of economics. It may relieve several hundred thousand American tourists of the task of telling the British why adding machines, telephones, and department stores work better in New York than they do in London. Also it may destroy the pet illusion of the Rotarian who visits Europe that the poverty of England has been caused by labor unions. The authors are not friendly to the British trade unions, but they place the major blame for British inefficiency where it belongs, at the door of management.

Mr. Austin and Mr. Lloyd admit from the beginning that we are the prize industrial nation of the earth. After visiting twenty-four American factories they proceed to list the explanations for our riches and efficiency under nine heads: (1) promotion of staff by merit; (2) low prices with a great volume of production rather than high prices and reduced production; (3) saving of working capital through rapidity of turnover; (4) per capita increase of labor capacity through trouble-saving appliances; (5) high wages that bear some proportion to output; (6) free exchange of ideas between competing firms; (7) elimination of waste; (8) attention to the welfare of employees; (9) research and experimental work.

They place the greatest emphasis upon high wages and large-scale production as the keys to American prosperity, pointing out that "contrary to the general belief in Europe high wages do not necessarily mean a high level of prices. It is to the advantage of the community that the policy of industrial management should be directed toward raising wages and reducing prices." The doctrine is not new, but it is one that many a niggardly and conservative employer in England has never faced. He has too often regarded his market as constant and his earnings as a permanent fund from which as little as possible should be paid to labor. The authors

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strive to convince British capital that American prosperity is the result of the inevitable cycle of cheaper goods, more customers, more production, more profit in the long run, more work for labor, higher wages, more demand for goods. The immediate task as they see it is to increase the productive capacity of British industry by kicking out the incompetent executives and improving the industrial processes. Then the task is to use this margin of saving to reduce prices for the pauper customers of Europe with the hope that the reduced prices of British products will restore lost markets. If British capitalism can be saved by anything, it will be by this method.

Mr. Austin and Mr. Lloyd are good preachers, talking as they do chiefly to a British industrial audience that needs the sermon. But like most preachers they use only that part of the illustration which suits their moral. They look chiefly at the expanding automobile industry and proceed to rationalize its success into a set of handsome principles. They attribute too much of our success to intelligence and not enough to accident. They say, for example: "It is accepted in America that the higher the wages labor is able to earn the better it is for the community as a whole, since it enables the workingman to raise his standard of living." Now, it is *not* accepted in America that the higher the wages labor is able to earn the better it is for the community. From Passaic to Los Angeles every employers' association in the country fights to "deflate" labor in order to "restore prosperity." The high wages of America are a coincidence and not a product of intelligent planning. They are the fruitage of a happy accident, the simultaneous birth of an undeveloped continent and a new industrial order. There are millions of underpaid workers in America whom the British engineers did not try to explain because the explanation would have spoiled their illustration. Yes, we are a great people! But Mr. Austin and Mr. Lloyd should read W. E. Woodward's "Bunk" and Stuart Chase's "The Tragedy of Waste."

PAUL BLANSHARD

Downhill

The Letters of Bret Harte. Assembled and edited by Geoffrey Bret Harte. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THIS collection will not excite the general reader, for Harte was a poor correspondent and never wrote to anyone whose friendship he could do without; but for the literary anatomist it affords an opportunity for a long-desiderated autopsy. Authentic information about Harte has hitherto been scanty. He was reluctant to talk about himself and was seldom in literary society either here or abroad, and his family until now have been almost completely uncommunicative about him. His first biographer, T. E. Pemberton, was a personal friend and had access to some of the family letters, but he must have made his investigations and written his book in a hammock. The other biographer, H. C. Merwin, worked diligently, but was compelled to rely entirely on printed materials; he got no help from Harte's family. Even the grandson-editor seems rather uninformed about his grandfather. His collection is made up of letters from various sources, but the bulk of them consists of letters written to Mrs. Harte which were put on sale in New York last November. Certain unexplained gaps appear in the collection, and one letter, in which Harte complained that his American publisher was swindling him, has, to the grandson's discredit, been omitted. The volume throws no light on Bret Harte's career in California, but it does illuminate the latter part of his life and accounts for his literary decline. Harte spent the last twenty years of his life writing "monotonous romances" that were sure to sell, because he dared not do anything else. Thus ended a writer of undoubted power and originality whose imagination had strongly influenced American literature.

There is room here for only a brief outline of the curious and pathetic story that the letters unfold. When Bret Harte came East from California in 1871 he thought he was well off. In a few years, however, he managed with the cooperation of his wife and four children to get heavily in debt to landlords and tradesmen. It has always been believed that he treated the situation as a joke. Apparently unperturbed, he once lectured in Boston with a bailiff scowling on the platform and dogging him to a friend's house where he was to spend the night; and he was known to laugh at witticisms on his own insolvency. But the bravado was all a sham; in reality he was shamed and humiliated beyond endurance, and when John Hay secured the consulship at Crefeld for him his departure was a flight. He was sick, cowed, disgraced; and although he was homesick all his life for America, he never screwed up sufficient courage to return for even a brief visit. His one resolve was to incur no new debts, to live honorably and unmolested.

The remainder of his life, as it is recounted in these letters, was an unremitting effort to support his family in America, where they could live more cheaply than in England and be educated at less expense, to have a few comforts for himself, to keep up appearances before his friends, and to accumulate a surplus so that he might bring over his wife and children and take a vacation from the drudgery of short-story writing. After a twenty years' separation his wife did come to England, but happiness, apparently, did not come with her. The surplus was never accumulated. Alone or in collaboration Harte labored on play after play, hoping that one of them might prove a bonanza; but none ever did. He tried unsuccessfully to find a position as an editor. Meanwhile he made little or nothing from the sale of his books; the prices paid for his stories in America steadily dwindled. His best market was the English popular magazines. To them he clung timorously, afraid to leave them for three months lest the editors discover that other hands could supply California stories, and at lower rates. Indeed he hardly dared to write anything except California stories, for California stories always sold and other material might not sell and he could ill afford to take chances. So he kept to his desk, elaborating his six hundred to a thousand words a day of meticulously polished manuscript, sending the monthly draft for sixty pounds to his "dear Nan," with extra money for birthdays and at Christmas, spending quiet holidays at the country houses of friends, enduring neuralgia, dyspepsia, weak eyes, and almost continuous colds, hoping for a respite and security, while cancer slowly gnawed at his throat and the pen slipped finally from his fingers in the opening sentences of a new story.

GEORGE GENZMER

Books in Brief

The Other Side of the Medal. By Edward Thompson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

This is a highly emotional but badly reasoned book. The author postulates among Indians an irreconcilable hatred of the British springing from the well-known but unemphasized atrocities practiced by the British during the Mutiny of 1857 and continuing sporadically as recently as the Jallianwallabagh affair at Amritsar in 1919. It is in the first place doubtful if such an unwavering hatred exists; our author does not establish its presence by more than his mere assertion. Even if we should grant its existence, it would then be too simple an explanation to say that it arises from the perpetration of these atrocities, and that "It is not larger measures of self-government for which they [the Indians] are longing, it is the magnanimous gesture of a great nation, so great that it can afford to admit mistake and wrongdoing, and is too proud to distort facts." We are prepared to admit the truth of the author's accounts of barbarities—he quotes good authorities—and the validity of his demand that they be weighed in the histories, but we think that the source of the British and Indian struggle

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is to be found after all in the greater evil of imperialism, which our author does not seem to recognize. Imperialism is and has been responsible for military atrocities in India and elsewhere and for many other kinds of injustice from the times of the first Egyptian Pharaoh down to—may we say?—the present French adventure in Morocco and Syria and the American interest in Haiti. And the cure for India—that is, the cure for Mr. Thompson's problem, which would be the removal of this hatred—will not come merely from rewriting the history books to show "the other side of the medal" and paint the Indian no blacker than the British but from choosing for India as "in the case of South Africa the wisest and most magnanimous course of action that ever showed a nation's greatness." As to the wisdom of thus giving India "Dominion status" there may be argument possible, but nothing less than full self-government will stop the conflict and eradicate the hatred.

Sermons of a Chemist. By Edwin E. Slosson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Mr. Slosson more than any other one man is responsible for the present rapidly changing point of view toward the value of science in modern civilization. As director of *Science Service* he has for five years supplied newspapers, magazines, and publishers with the latest news on scientific topics and has opened the doors of publicity to the cloistered research worker on whom progress depends. He has done this, as was essential, without taint of propaganda. Both the scientists and the lay public are in debt to him. But his greatest service has been his own contributions in book form. He has collated from the facts that flow across his desk numerous volumes which aim at the understanding of science. His score of sermons here are those of a prophet who lives among the immortals; yet they are in lay language, so serene, so clever, and so readable that their acceptance would seem inevitable. On reading them one steps into a new era of intelligence with no more ceremony than the drawing of a deep breath. Theology is not mentioned, but he who thinks science is unethical has not read Mr. Slosson's restatement of the Golden Rule.

The English Factories in India, 1665-1667. By Sir William Foster. Oxford University Press. $6.

The series of English Factories in India, of which the present volume is the twelfth, is a source-book for early British commercial enterprise in India before the East India Company's interests had brought about political penetration. The records here quoted or summarized are the original letters in the India Office, London, and are of prime value. Two of the subjects covered are of particular interest. The first is the occupation of Bombay, which had been ceded to the English by the Portuguese, but was actually surrendered by the Portuguese Viceroy at Goa only after much delay and the making of many unwarranted conditions. The second is the romantic account of Sir Edward Winter's misrule at Madras, his mismanaged deposition, and his amazing revolt and recovery of office. Coloring all events described in this volume is the second Dutch war, while in the background hover, like great ominous bats, the figures of Sivaji, Neknam Khan, and the "Grand Mogull."

Jesus of Nazareth. By Joseph Klausner. Translated by Herbert Denby. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

Klausner is a Jewish scholar of the first rank as well as an ardent Zionist, and he writes primarily for Jews. He is interested in explaining why Jesus, though a Jew and very much a Jew, was rejected by the Jews. According to him, Jesus's emphasis on an abstract ethics at the expense of the countless teachings by which Judaism had built itself into the life of its adherents threatened the religious and racial solidarity of his people. This thesis Klausner develops at some length, adding to the scholarly achievements of the earlier critical and historical sections of his book a distinctive interpretation of Jesus and a penetrating comparison of Judaism and Christianity. The book is so scholarly and so loyal to fact that there is not a chance of its enjoying the popularity accorded to the fairy stories of Papini and Bruce Barton.

This Is the Life! By Walt McDougall. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Like Peck's Bad Boy, jolly old Walt has never grown up. The pioneer newspaper cartoonist who made "grotesque ribaldry" and the "lowbrow joke" his quarry in his drawings pursues the same game in literature. No event and no person of any importance seems to have escaped him; he has jogged elbows with Bill Nye, Bob Fitzsimmons, Steve Brodie, Nellie Bly, Grover Cleveland, Theodore—the list is endless. That whimsical age, so near yet so remote, when crinolines, bustles, and beards flourished in crass luxuriance—when "house flies were a third part of the godly atmosphere" and "spittoons of alabaster, near-jade, and gem-studded gold plate were to be seen in every parlor"—has found in him an almost perfect raconteur. But why should he say that he has accomplished "nothing of note in an extremely busy lifetime" when he has been gravely reproved by the Supreme Court for depicting its justices in tobacco-chewing session, and by J. P. Morgan, Sr., for drawing his nose in unduly extravagant proportions?

One Tree. By A. M. Allen. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

The smoke that fifty years ago first spread from factory chimneys over a remote Lancashire village works a subtle change upon the sturdy rural folk. This is a well-wrought story of detached community life invaded by new and disturbing influences; the theme is carefully developed and the characters are without exception real people.

Urkey Island. By Wilbur Daniel Stele. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Urkey Island is a town off the New England coast—a tabloid world at sea. Its story is essentially the story of neighbors, of local good man and bad man, of rich man, minister, constable, fiirt. Mr. Steele uncovers the drama of these lives with much skill and adroitness, stretching invention far but not too far, holding one's interest with admirable climaxes and a running style. Perhaps if these tales were less planned and polished as literature they would move closer to life. There is about them a geometric ready-made neatness that robs them of the power of truth.

Vignettes of the Sea. By Felix Riesenberg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

A book of sketches and reminiscences by the author of that fine, salty record of apprentice days in a windjammer, "Under Sail." Many of the chapters have appeared before in the *Nautical Gazette* or other periodicals, and it is gratifying to see them brought together in a book.

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International Relations Section

Canada and the Great Lakes

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

PUBLIC feeling in Canada is steadily rising against the diversion of Great Lakes water to the Chicago Sanitary Canal. For months the public press throughout the Dominion had been protesting against the behavior of the city of Chicago, and on March 24 the Canadian House of Commons, without a dissenting voice, called upon the United States Government to stop the violation of the Boundary Waterways Treaty of 1909 between the two countries.

In presenting a resolution calling for immediate action, T. L. Church, member for North Toronto, expressed the opinion that Canada had been ignored in regard to the diversion of water at Chicago. "The time has come for a show-down," said the Representative from Toronto, who pointed out that light and power plants were adversely affected in the whole Niagara Peninsula, and that he had received requests from municipalities along the Niagara River, asking him to urge in the House of Commons the necessity for doing something before another season of navigation.

"I am glad to see that a change of opinion has taken place in regard to this matter in the United States," said Mr. Church, as he drew the attention of the House to Secretary Hoover's statement that "a clear breach of the treaty had taken place." Mr. Church urged that Canada file her whole case with the British Government and that the British authorities should then communicate with the United States, presenting the Dominion's claim and asking for action thereon.

The leader of the Conservative Party, the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, declared that he and his party would stand behind the Government and strengthen its hands in any plan which might be adopted in bringing the question to a satisfactory conclusion. Speaking in crisp and biting sentences Mr. Meighen said:

> The United States Government and the people of the United States are not much interested in the rights of Canada. We are left to look after our own rights. But the people and the Government of the United States are very much interested in preserving the good-will of the people of Canada. That good-will they regard as a great asset to their nation—an asset which they will be very careful neither to impair nor to lose.
>
> When the whole people of Canada assert themselves on the question of water diversion, then the people of the United States will know exactly what position they will have to take. We have no legal right in this matter in the sense that it could be enforceable in any court, but we have a moral right, a right under the common law established in the Ashburton Treaty.

Mr. Meighen referred to the decision of one court in the United States which, without consulting the Canadian people, proceeded to uphold the legality of the Chicago diversion, notwithstanding the fact that it directly violated treaty rights. It had been stated that of the thirty-six inches by which the levels of the Great Lakes are now lower than normal, six inches were attributable to the Chicago diversion. "It would be very difficult," commented Mr. Meighen, "to make the Canadian people believe that not more than six inches of a lowering is chargeable to the diversion." And he continued:

> If we were a nation of fifty million people, and the United States of a similar population, we would not today be standing at the door of the United States on this question. Canada has pretty consistently protested against this diversion for some time past, and I must admit I cannot see what argument the United States can advance in defense of the diversion. The proper place for the settlement of this dispute is a tribunal already established by both countries—the International Joint Commission. The United States could hardly refuse to put the case before that tribunal; at any rate Canada should put that nation in the position of refusing to submit the case to an international tribunal.
>
> Protests go a certain distance; keeping in close and constant contact is all right; and watchful waiting may have its merits. But these steps do not get us very far. We should at once get in the position where the United States would be at our door in this matter, rather than that we should be at the door of the United States. We should get the matter at once before the International Joint Commission. We must do this now, and I can assure the Government that it will have from this side of the House every possible assistance and cooperation in obtaining a satisfactory solution to this vexed problem.

Major F. G. Sanderson, Liberal member for South Perth, stated that the question was one which vitally concerned the whole Dominion. "The people of Canada are becoming more insistent for a settlement," he declared, "for it is recognized, not only in the United States but throughout Canada, that Chicago had been stealing the water." In closing he expressed the belief that the Government would have strong support if it took vigorous action in the immediate future.

The position of the federal Government was outlined by Hon. Charles Stewart, Minister of the Interior, who expressed himself strongly against the present diversion of water from the Great Lakes by Chicago. He said:

> It is my opinion that Canada should take the ground that we will not admit diversion. We are not asking for compensation. We want the water back and nothing else. When in Washington recently I had a conversation with the Hon. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce. Mr. Hoover is most anxious for a solution of this very vexed question. The Government wants the restoration of the whole of the water which has been diverted from the Great Lakes. We are willing to give Chicago a reasonable time to establish a sewage disposal works.
>
> Mr. Hoover is anxious to have the decision of the United States Supreme Court carried into effect, but in Congress a great deal of pressure is being exerted by Chicago and the Mississippi States. The effect of that pressure will be evident within a short while.* In the meantime Canada is fortunate in having behind it the decision of the United States Supreme Court, and it is fortunate in also having the good-will of the United States Cabinet. This is

* The decision referred to was handed down by the Supreme Court January 6, 1925, and limited the diversion of lake water by Chicago, which up to that time had been 10,000 cubic feet per second, to 4,167 cubic feet per second. In March of that year Secretary of War Weeks set 1935 as the time for the reduction to that volume, permitting the diversion of 8,500 cubic feet per second during the ten years which the city was allowed for the construction of a sewage-disposal works. At the present time a case fought by Wisconsin and six other States against water diversion by Chicago is pending in the Supreme Court. Chicago argues that the Supreme Court has no jurisdiction.

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the time, though, when pressure must be exerted by Canada upon the United States Government.

Since the debate in the House of Commons the opinions expressed by representatives of the Government and the Opposition have been vigorously indorsed in the press and on the public platform. At present denunciatory remarks are centered mainly on "the Chicago steal," as it is termed in the press and by public speakers, but there is some resentment expressed concerning the methods adopted by both governments in dealing with a community which has broken an international covenant.

A leading editorial in the Toronto *Globe* of March 25 asserted that

> Repeated protests from Canada and from States adjoining the Great Lakes, which have likewise suffered through lowered water levels, have been without effect. The Western metropolis, through delay and indifference, has caused untold loss and inconvenience. Chicago should instal a sewage plant as other communities have been forced to do, and rid itself of the reproach of being an outlaw city. This country has no thought but one of friendship for its neighbor, but it protests as vigorously as possible against continued flouting of its rights under treaty and of the rights of neighboring States—fellow-sufferers—who will refuse to submit forever to Chicago's impudent course.

In other words Canada is asking Uncle Sam to make his bad boy behave and return the stolen goods. The neighbors are not worrying about what punishment is inflicted upon Chicago, but they want their water back, and they want it as quickly as possible.

Von Bernstorff on Disarmament

THE official German position on disarmament was well stated at the meetings in May of the preparatory commission at Geneva by Count von Bernstorff. Only brief accounts of his speech were included in the press dispatches. The following quotation is taken from the *Berliner Tageblatt* for May 19:

> The Government and public opinion in Germany have watched with much interest and sympathy all attempts of the League of Nations to limit armaments. If these attempts have had no results to the present time, we hope that this conference will introduce a new era in which no competition in armaments will be found, but rather a peaceable competition of peoples along cultural lines. The general interest shown the question of disarmament in Germany has political, military, and economic roots. For moral reasons the attempt must be made to prevent the recurrence of war. This is also good politics, because history teaches that excessive armaments always lead to war. From the point of view of economic conditions no one will doubt that the world, impoverished by the last war, cannot permanently sustain heavy armaments.
>
> If these general reasons offer sufficient cause to hope that this conference will bring about a limitation and reduction of arms, Germany has very special reasons for an interest in these questions. In the preamble to the fifth section of the Treaty of Versailles the chapter on disarmament is preceded by a declaration that this measure is designed to make general disarmament possible. It is also well known that on June 18, 1919, the delegates of Germany and those of the Allied Powers carried on a correspondence from which it was evident that the disarmament of Germany was looked upon as the prelude to a systematic general disarmament through the League of Nations. This was also specially provided for in the Locarno treaties. On the basis of these agreements the German people has completely

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disarmed. Its effective forces are no longer sufficient to guarantee its national security in the sense of Article 8 of the League of Nations agreement. This obligates every member of the League of Nations to similar disarmament.

We shall be able to reach our goal if all governments show good-will in finding formulas which will make possible the limitation and reduction of arms. This goal will be reached far more easily if the number of questions under consideration is limited. The questionnaire placed before us deals with many interesting problems whose solution is not absolutely necessary to the great problem in hand. In all discussions of the League of Nations "security, justiciability of disputes, and disarmament" play a great role. Since "security" and "justiciability" have been greatly advanced through the treaties of Locarno, the time for the achievement of general disarmament has arrived. It was German initiative which led to the Locarno agreements, and I would like to declare again that our foreign policy is still carried on wholly in the spirit of Locarno. In the same spirit we must approach the solution of the disarmament problem, the most important question which the League of Nations will ever have to solve. Without disarmament the League of Nations will never work successfully. As long as there are on the one hand nations excessively armed and on the other those whose armament is not sufficient for their own security, every decision of the League of Nations will meet with great difficulties. Germany, which has complied so fully with its obligation to disarm, may expect with good reason that the other nations will follow on this path. . . .

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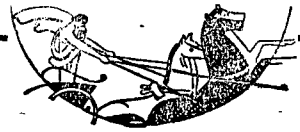

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